THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Stirring Address Delivered by Mrs. Heffernan, State Secretary of the Ladies' Auxiliary at a Convention of the Order.

Necessity for Thorough Organization in Illinois and Throughout the Country.

The Ladies Auxiliaries of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Illinois have at last held their convention. The postponement of the date was made in the desire of the state officers to have the organization perfected of many branches which were promised by county officers through the state. Wearied by the procrastination which marked the interest in the good work the state officers decided it would be injurious to existing auxiliaries to delay calling the convention any longer, and on Saturday, Oct. 31, the representatives of auxiliaries, whose organization has been reported from time to time in these columns, were called to order by Brother John F. Quinn, county president of Will county.

The first day's session was very interesting, owing to the many excellent plans for the guidance of the auxiliaries submitted in able addresses by the ladies present. A general cordiality and sympathy for organization astonished the large audience which filled the space in the hall outside that reserved for the delegates.

The committee on constitution and by-laws showed wisdom of a high order in recognizing the fact that a multiplicity of by-laws only affords ground for the tiresome to talk, and the quarrelsome to argue. The laws adopted to guide the auxiliaries of Illinois are few and simple, and as far as possible in touch with the rules which govern the divisions of the A. O. H. The result will be co-operation in spirit and rule between both bodies and consequent benefit to all.

It goes without saying that harmony reigned, yet the debates were spirited and interesting. Prominent among the speakers were Mrs. Quinn, of Joliet, Mrs. Heffernan, of Bloomington, Miss Ryan, of Joliet and Mrs. Beckman, of Lemont. The last named daughter of Erin objected strenuously to being credited to Chicago or Cook county, claiming the city of Lemont, and the organization thereof owed nothing to the regrettable fact that the same was located just within the boundaries of the County of Cook. The election of officers resulted in the following being selected as state officials of the Ladies' Auxiliaries of Illinois: State president, Mrs. Quinn, of Joliet; state vice-president, Miss Ryan, of Joliet; state secretary, Mrs. Heffernan, of Bloomington; state treasurer, Mrs. Beckman, of Lemont; state secretary, Mrs. Heffernan, of Champaign.

Addresses were delivered by State President J. T. Keating, State Secretary Dan McGlynn, County President John F. Quinn, the Rev Fathers Morray and McGrath, Mrs. Heffernan, of Bloomington, read a paper, which excited much favorable comment, after which the convention adjourned to meet again on the second Tuesday in May at Peoria.

Following is Mrs. Heffernan's excellent address, printed in full, and I commend it to the careful consideration of all members of the Order:

"Life, like every other blessing, derives its value from its use alone. Not for itself, but for a noble end, the Hierarchal gave it. Reigning inexplicable enigmas, are the world, society, the human race and life as seen by man through the veil of mysticism by which they are surrounded. On all sides questions arise, questions coming from the very depths of man's nature, questions rendered formidable by their number and significance. They are wafted from man to man, baffling the wisdom of sages and philosophers who endeavor to fathom them by the light of reason alone, but whatever may be the order of the creature from whom they seek the explanation, silence is its inexorable reply. Reason cannot give an answer, and they who seek not higher begin to tread in the vicious circle of error, which have no issue. To come into existence, to pass a brief period on this earth, to die, is all that appears to us; but is there nothing more? Are we but children of the dust uplifted by the blast and whirled along the highway of the world a moment only, then to fall back to the common level?

In the depths of man's nature, within the very recesses of his soul, there is going on a far-reaching activity that reveals him to himself, and teaches how that his soul has come from God's creative power; from the Eternal wisdom who never creates without an end, and gives to everything its place in the grand whole of creation, its part to play in the harmony of existence. And now, sisters, have we not our part to perform in the great drama of life? Most assuredly so, and that is why we are assembled here in convention today to do our part toward honoring our people as a nation, and to aid and assist our brave sires of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in all their good works to complete as an organization which should be a credit to ourselves, and to the generations following in our footsteps. Among the many institutions of the day should endeavor to establish and encourage as a safeguard for men and women, the greatest are societies or organizations having for their object our religious, intellectual, social, physical and material improvement.

That our societies are not accomplishing all that could be desired of them is an unquestioned fact, and a cry for improvement has gone forth from all quarters; in fact it is only necessary to read the reports of our annual conventions to learn how much attention is given to this subject, and how clearly and eloquently innumerable methods have been set forth by all men to accomplish this, and, indeed, there is no lack of good features, no lack of excellent suggestions for improvement, but a great lack of our people who will cooperate and act upon the suggestions proposed even while admitting they are good. On the contrary as the work for their improvement by means of societies goes on, it is insulted by the growling and abusive criticism of some and neglected by the almost criminal indifference of others, while a handful of our people, as it were, are in the face of the most discouraging difficulties struggling valiantly in the cause, and as a rule these people are not the ones most in need of improvement. It is for us, therefore, to encourage society organizations among our Irish people, and assist them in organizing and in being a success when they become so. It is painful to the hearts of our youth patriotism and love of country, which is the grand constituent, to see nas done much for men and nations. Remember true patriotism is the highest virtue that man can possess and honor; the high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a soul capable of soaring to great heights, rises far above all mean, low or selfish things, and is imported from the same source as the highest advantages with religious adoption. Now why is this? Simply because the Protestant people have co-operation. Every Protestant man and woman of every class and creed actively interested in drawing and keeping their people together.

Our greatest need is more co-operation; more faith in ourselves and faith in our country. Instead of always holding up our children honest, proud, true-hearted sons and daughters of Irish parents and Irish birth, we point them into our societies when of the proper age. We want this force, we must have this unbounded energy of young manhood and womanhood to make our organizations a universal success. We now, sisters, that our brothers of the Ancient Order of Hibernians have succeeded in securing for us a state organization, it is for us to work and cooperate with them and show ourselves worthy of that honor or not. Let us be united in all our work, for where there is unity there is strength. Let us love and cherish our young, not for what they are, but for the temptations which they have. Let us honor and respect our superior officers of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, for the deep interest they manifest in our behalf, and the diligence with which they ably perform the duties of every act, and thus united in friendship, unity and true Christian charity, we certainly cannot fail of being a success.

Div. 23 will have a "smoke talk" on Tuesday, Nov. 17, in Shumacher's hall. This is a new idea to be introduced in every south side division, and the attendance is expected to be very large. Brother P. J. Doherty has prepared a programme of great interest, and every visitor may expect a rare treat, both vocally and socially.

Div. 31 will celebrate a little on Friday, Nov. 20. Brothers Dugan and Foley say there will be "frills" on the entertainment for our visiting ladies—excel more pretentious gatherings. Divs. 37, 36, 2, 25 and 10 promise to be present in force.

Div. 11 invite all members of the order to their "smoke talk," to be held on Saturday night, Nov. 14, in Archer hall, corner of Halsted and Archer streets. The event will be of more than ordinary importance. A programme has been prepared which will, in talent and interest, eclipse any offered by any organization. It is considered of importance to the members of the order, to whom the attendance will be confined. The policy of the Hibernians of the present and future will be discussed by those who are capable to do so, as well as interested in the progress of the order. The evening will be a great one. After speech in the history of Hibernianism in Cook county and a hearty "Céad Mile Failthe" awaits every visiting brother.

MOR.

The Irish Language.

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago will be resumed on Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee, however, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are specified at cost, by Mr. William Duggan, and which may be obtained from him at the class room at any convenient time.

South Canal street, Chicago.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

BRAVE MICHAEL BARRETT.

Executed in London for the Deaths Resulting from the Famous Clerkenwell Explosion—A Deed in Which He Had No Act or Part Whatever.

Confronted with Grim Death, He Delivered a Noble Speech from the Dock and Died on the Scaffold, Leaving Behind Him the Reputation of Having Been the Bravest Man That Ever Died for Ireland.

The daring and skilfulness displayed by the Fenians in the rescue of their imprisoned leaders at Manchester struck terror to the very heart of England. All the prison tortures of the past five years —the packed juries and the suborned perjuries—had been in vain. Fenianism still lived, and it should, according to the London Times, be now stamped out "like the cattle plague." That plain-sailor was echoed in Halpine's words:

Ay! stamp away. Can you stamp it out,
The quenchless fire of a nation's free-
dom?
Your feet are broad and your legs are
stout,
But stouter for this you'll need them!
Your have stamped away through the
long years
And again and again the old cause
rallies.
Pikes gleam in the bands of our mountaineers,
And with scythes come the men from
our valleys.

The rebellion of March, 1867, struggled though it was in its birth, seemed to have made the organization more dangerous, and England was filled with rumors and alarms of Fenian plots and assassinations. Secrecy was imposed without a rabl for arms being chronicled; and Kelly, Mackay, Rick Burke, Deasy, and others were busy welding anew the broken links of the conspiracy and stocking the National armory for a renewal of hostilities. Burke, a dashing and chivalrous officer, had seen service in England on a large scale. He ingratiated himself into the favor of the Kynoch family—the famous Birmingham gun manufacturer—and obtained many valuable and welcome visits who gave large orders. At his trial it was proved that he spent over £2,000 in the purchase of arms. The rescue at Manchester made England in the strength of the organization, and the blood of the martyred three failed to appease the hunger for vengeance which consumed the English people. Arrests were thrown out of employment, and stoned and beaten in the streets. Anti-Irish articles brimming with hatred and bitterness of the Manchester and Irishmen resident in England were advised over the names of prominent public men, to return to their own country if they wished to escape being murdered.

Chance at last flung Col. Rick Burke into the meshes of the law, and a bowl of punch was the cause of his arrest. It Kelly and Deasy could to turn from their secret work to the crowded streets of Manchester, might not Burke be rescued by the Fenian thousands in London. Scarcely had this delightful thought been conceived when the Clerkenwell explosion showed the world more that Fenianism was a vital and powerful force in their very midst, and that a people can be driven to deadliness by insult and injury.

The story of the explosion is a short one. Determined to release Burke at any cost, a number of determined men, headed by Capt. Murphy, a prominent officer in the organization, set about taking the necessary steps. Owing to the vigilance of the authorities an attack on the prison van as it proceeded to and from Bow street was rendered impossible. The shooting of Colnbyn, how evidence was necessary to connect the prisoner with the revolutionary movement, and the subsequent wild and three or four of them, with loaded revolvers, attended at the courthouse to rescue without a fight. The former was too carefully guarded, and the attempt to rescue the latter failed. Burke, who was in secret correspondence with his friends outside by means of an invisible ink which an application of copperas could only reveal, then, according to Mullany, the informer, suggested the blowing down of the prison walls. "There is a house near the prison," he says, according to the evidence at Barrett's trial, "called the Clerkenwell House, and near that place is a sewer and a weak part in the jail wall. If you get a barrel of powder and a fuse it is true you will be able to blow the wall to hell. Get the men to buy the powder in small quantities." The attempt must be made between half past three and four, on the 12th of May, and the conspirators had completed their arrangements, the powder was placed in position, the prearranged signal given, and the terrific explosion so disastrous to human life made England aware of the strength of Irish disaffection, and awoke her statesmen to the "Irish difficulty." So far as the immediate object of the release of Burke was concerned, the explosion was a failure. The authorities had got scent of the plot, and the colonel had been removed to a distant portion of the prison.

On the 20th of April, 1868, six persons were arraigned at the Central Criminal Court on a charge of willful murder, in connection with the explosion. Five of the prisoners—four men and one woman—were residents of London, and the sixth, Michael Barrett, had for years lived in Glasgow. Of the prisoners, he was the only one, perhaps, who knew anything whatever of the explosion, and yet he was the one marked down by the crown for destruction. The chief evidence was that of the informer Mullany, who stated that he himself was in the plot, and that Barrett, after Capt. Murphy, was the chief conspirator. Crown witnesses after sworn that Barrett had been prominent in Fenian circles in London for some six weeks preceding the explosion, and that it was he who lit the fuse on the fatal occasion. On the other hand several witnesses from Scotland swore that Barrett was in Glasgow at the time of the explosion, on the occasion of their wedding. He had taken part in a procession in honor of the Manchester men on the previous November, that early in December he attended a friend's house at a christening party, and on the very night of the occurrence he had his boots soled in the shop of a fellow-countryman of his in Glasgow. In vain, however. The witnesses were all Irish, and could not be believed. Although in the judge told the jury that the alibi was so probable as to be almost beyond doubt, and well justified in acquit, he him, the jury was was of another mind, and a verdict of guilty" was the result. The other prisoners were acquitted.

Michael Barrett was born in 1841 in a long, low thatched cottage on the road leading from Ederney to Castlederg, on the borders of the county of Kesh, in the county Fermanagh. His father, often described, was of the Scottish caste, and gave his son all the education the neighboring National school of Corrinagullen could afford him. On leaving school Michael assisted his father for several years in the cultivation of his rough mountainous farm. Tiring of farming he sought employment in Belfast, and in the years 1856, 1857 and 1858 we find him in the employment of the Messrs. Richardson & Ederney. In 1859 he proceeded to Paisley, in Scotland, where he found employment as a weaver. Not long afterward he moved to Glasgow, where he became a resident. In the latter town he took a prominent part in Irish movements, and was known to his comrades as a thoughtful, talented and reliable man, much above the ordinary men of his class in social and intellectual characteristics. His connection with National movements soon directed public attention to him, and it was to the part he took in organizing the Martyrs' demonstration that his arrest was very likely due. He is described at his trial as being of a thickset, muscular build, of rather above the average height, and of prepossessing appearance.

When asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he replied:

I have, indeed, a great deal to say. Nevertheless, I do not intend to occupy much of your forbidden's time, being fully conscious that any words of mine would be unavailing with you. Probably the side of the grave, of endeavoring to place myself as I would like to stand before my fellow-men. In doing so I may be compelled to expose the motives that have been resorted to for the purpose of securing my conviction. I assure you, gentlemen, going to death is nothing tons or to ask for mercy; but yet I address your lordship as an humble petitioner for what I have been mercilessly assailed, and I wish to defend it. conscious as I have never willfully, maliciously or intentionally injured a human being. In the case before us, and even in character. True, I stand charged with one of the most revolting crimes—that of murder; yet when I come to examine the terribly conflicting character of the evidence and there are not two of the witnesses who do not directly contradict each other. Even the prisoner has been denied eye-witnesses of the deed all agree that the man in the dock is not the man. A gentlemanly appearance—a tall man, five feet ten. And then consider the impossibility of identifying such a person—man of my humble appearance, who I was not in London at the time, I express my most firm conviction that there is not sufficient evidence to prove it were possible for such a one to find his way into the place—that will not be convicted of my innocence. No, it is my most conscientious conviction that the jury cannot in their hearts believe me to be a murderer. I would now endeavor, if possible, to convince you that in my humble abilities will allow me, to review a little of the evidence which has been given against me. But it would be presumptuous, and almost impertinent in me to deal with the matter after the manner in which my talented counsel has analyzed that evidence. I cannot, however, of some remarks of the attorney-general for the crown. I am compelled to advert to that evidence. I will first speak of my arrest in Glasgow, and the way in which I was smuggled to London. I was taken to the police court there and searched—and yet nothing was found which they could twist into a charge against me. I was at at liberty. And before I was liberated I gave them my name and address, which no man would have done if he had a notion that he had been apprehensive of being taken on a charge of murder. They afterwards came to my lodgings and re-arrested me, urging as their reason the finding of a pistol, and I must express my regret that that witness was not called by the crown, for in that case I should have proved that the pistol which he alleged I fired three shots from on Glasgow green was perfectly useless. This I heard from a person who was present at the police court. No one could use that pistol. I was brought up two days for examination without being once permitted to open my mouth, and I was ordered off to jail for nine or ten days with the view of allowing time for further inquiries into the case.

They found everything I told them was correct, but they found also what had suited their purpose mightily—namely, that I was just recovering from a lengthened illness, and had exhausted my means, and once they got me out of Scotland I was completely in their power. I was hurried off to London, where they knew I was alone and in their power. Their nervous haste, indeed, has subjected me to the most flagrant injustice. I do not allude to the higher authorities in Glasgow, but I do to the mean, low, petty, truckling creatures who hang about police courts, and who would not hesitate to have recourse to the most vile and heinous practices to benefit themselves, or even to gain a smile of approval from their superiors. They will now congratulate themselves on the success of their schemes. I will next speak of that boy, Wheeler. When I was first confronted with him in London, after a careful and lengthened examination, and after going to a considerable distance, he was what I term a police officer, or rather a wretch wearing the uniform of one, and brought back in front of me and held by the shoulder until he was compelled to admit that he was the man. Although the judge told the jury that the alibi was so probable as to be almost beyond doubt, and well justified in acquit, he him, the jury was was of another mind, and a verdict of guilty" was the result. The other prisoners were acquitted.

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CONTINUED ON THE FIFTH PAGE.

IT'S MIGHTY CLOSE

Vote on Presidential Electors in "Old Kaintuck."

FOR M'KINLEY BY LESS THAN 500.

So the Republican State Chairman Confidently Telegraphs the Major and Hanna—Indiana Is Safe for the Old Man and Bryan Carries His Own State—Wyoming Still in the Doubtful Column, Both Parties Claiming the State.

Louisville, Nov. 9.—The following statement was given out last night from the Republican headquarters:

"Practically complete official returns give McKinley 444 plurality in Kentucky, unofficial advices indicating that the four missing counties will increase rather than decrease these figures. The Republicans elect four members of congress and a judge of the highest court of the state for an eight-year term, and by the filling of vacancies have secured a majority of two in the general assembly on joint ballot, which insures a Republican successor to Senator Blackburn. The total vote in the state will approximate 425,000, an increase of 70,000 over last year's vote and 25,000 more than the highest estimates before the election. The Republican vote increased about 40,000 over Governor Bradley's vote a year ago, which was 17,000 higher than ever before cast in a presidential election, and the Democratic vote was 29,000 higher. These figures will give some idea of the intensity of the political struggle through which Kentucky has just passed."

Sends the Major and Hanna the News.

This is signed by Samuel J. Roberts, chairman of the Republican state committee, who also sent a telegram to Chairman Hanna containing the pith of the foregoing and another to President-Elect McKinley, which is as follows:

"Kentucky, for the first time in its history, has been carried by the Republicans in a presidential year. After four days of anxious watching and waiting the official returns today show that you have carried the state by about 500 plurality. Four years ago Kentucky gave Cleveland 40,000 plurality and cast 22,500 Populist votes. The fusion of Populists and Democrats this year was complete, and our victory means a reversal of 64,000 votes based on the figures of 1892. On behalf of Kentucky Republicans and thousands of patriotic Democrats who joined in our common cause permit me to congratulate you on your great victory and the breaking of a time-honored record in Kentucky. As a former townsman and devoted admirer for twenty years it is scarcely necessary to add my personal congratulations."

Republican Senator from Kentucky.

Frankfort, Ky., Nov. 9.—There is no longer any talk of the Republicans uniting with the gold Democrats on Carlisle, Breckinridge or any other Democrat to succeed Senator Blackburn. All negotiations and talk to this effect were based on the probabilities of another deadlock. Now that the Republicans are confident of a majority on joint ballot they state that a Republican will be elected senator. Governor Bradley, Congressman Hunter, St. John Boyle and others are mentioned for the place.

SUMMARY OF ELECTION NEWS.

Brief Paragraphs That Give Pluralities and Other Facts of Interest.

West Virginia is certainly Republican by 8,000 to 10,000, perhaps more.

New Jersey's plurality for McKinley reaches 85,000.

The McKinley plurality in Iowa is closely estimated at 67,633, on a vote of over 510,000, the largest ever cast in the state.

North Carolina is pretty safely Democratic.

The latest from Tennessee is that Taylor, Dem., is elected governor by 10,000, and that Bryan will have 20,000.

California's legislature will be Republican on joint ballot.

Minnesota, estimated closely as to the counties not yet officially reported, gives McKinley 48,812 plurality and Clough 16,115.

Indiana, with 74 counties reported out of 92, gives McKinley 20,252 plurality, which may be reduced to 18,000.

Idaho gives Bryan probably 13,000, with a Bryan legislature.

Massachusetts gives McKinley 165,132 plurality, thus depriving Illinois of the third place, she giving only 133,716, for McKinley, and 112,845 for Tanner.

In Colorado Waite, the "middle-of-the-road" Populist has only 3,000 votes.

North Dakota's plurality for McKinley is about 5,000.

Ohio's McKinley's plurality is declared to be from 52,000 to 53,000.

California has gone Republican by about 6,000.

Illinois is now quoted at 144,149 for McKinley.

Official returns in Indiana do not change the previous figures materially. McKinley's plurality will be nearly 20,000. The state ticket runs behind about 3,000.

Republicans give up Kansas entire. Bryan and the Populists get everything.

Complete returns in Nebraska give the following results: Bryan, 79,714; McKinley, 78,250.

The Virginia Republicans charge that McKinley was beaten out of the state by 20,000 plurality "by the most infamous frauds even perpetrated."

North Carolina's legislature has 55 Republicans, 48 Populists, and 45 Democrats and doubtful

Oregon gives McKinley 2,042 plurality.

The count in Delaware gives McKinley 3,837 plurality.

Texas goes for Bryan by 100,000 plurality. The Democrats have twelve representatives and the Republicans one.

Missouri with ten counties to hear from is estimated for Bryan by 60,000 plurality.

Bryan has addressed a brief letter of thanks and encouragement to eastern silver men.

General Warner, president of the American Bimetallic union, has isued an adress to silver men to gird up their loins for 1900.

With all of South Dakota complete except two counties and three unorganized counties Bryan's plurality is 45. It will take the official canvass to decide.

McKinley will get but two of the Delaware electors, unless the court decides otherwise. This is the result of a Republican factional fight.

BOTH STILL CLAIM WYOMING.

Democrats Say They Have Bryan Returns—The Republican Dependence.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Nov. 9.—Chairman Blydenburgh, of the Democratic state committee, yesterday received returns from the Jackson Hole precincts, Uintah county, giving the Republican state, electoral and congressional tickets 27 and the Democratic ticket 64 votes. Complete returns were also received by the committee from Johnson county, showing an average Democratic majority of 168. Returns were also received from one-third of the precincts in Big Horn county, showing decided majorities for the entire Democratic ticket. Chairman Blydenburgh now is certain that the entire Democratic electoral, congressional and state ticket is elected by majorities ranging from 200 to 600.

It is estimated by the Republican that returns from 1,200 votes are yet to be received from Big Horn county. As this section is almost exclusively devoted to sheep raising it is claimed by the Republicans that its returns will give the state to McKinley without a doubt.

ELECTORAL VOTE AS IT STANDS.

Table Showing How the States Went Corrected to Latest Advices.

Chicago, Nov. 6.—The following table shows the situation as to the electoral vote corrected up to the latest news from the doubtful states:

States.	Electors.	McKinley, Republican.	Bryan, Dem. and Pop.
Alabama	11	..	11
Arkansas	8	..	8
California	9	9	..
Colorado	4	..	4
Connecticut	6	6	..
Delaware	3	2	1
Florida	4	..	4
Georgia	13	..	13
Idaho	3	..	3
Illinois	24	24	..
Indiana	15	15	..
Iowa	13	13	..
Kansas	10	..	10
Kentucky	13	13	..
Louisiana	8	..	8
Maine	6	6	..
Maryland	8	8	..
Massachusetts	15	15	..
Michigan	14	14	..
Minnesota	9	9	..
Mississippi	9	..	9
Missouri	17	..	17
Montana	3	..	3
Nebraska	8	..	8
Nevada	3	..	3
New Hampshire	4	4	..
New Jersey	10	10	..
New York	36	36	..
North Carolina	11	..	11
North Dakota	3	3	..
Ohio	23	23	..
Oregon	4	4	..
Pennsylvania	32	32	..
Rhode Island	4	4	..
South Carolina	9	..	9
South Dakota	4	*4	..
Tennessee	13	..	13
Texas	15	..	15
Utah	3	..	3
Vermont	4	4	..
Virginia	12	..	12
Washington	4	4	..
West Virginia	6	6	..
Wisconsin	12	12	..
Wyoming	*3	..	*3
Totals	447	276	171
Necessary to choice	224.		

*Doubtful.

ILLINOIS RETURNS.

McKinley's Plurality Is 126,716 and Tanner's Is 112,845.

Chicago, Nov. 6.—According to the latest figures received at Republican and silver Democratic state headquarters, the McKinley plurality in the state is 126,716. That of John R. Tanner is 112,845, 13,871 behind the McKinley vote. All counties in the state except Clark have been heard from, and the reports at the two state headquarters differ but little. McKinley's plurality outside of Cook county is 71,180. According to Republican reports, Tazewell county takes its place among the country's curiosities by giving McKinley a majority of one vote over Bryan.

The Republicans will have a majority on joint ballot in the general assembly that meets at Springfield next January, larger than it has had for many years. The senate is easily two-thirds Republican, and the Republican majority in the house approximates twenty. Outside of Cook county the combination of silver Democrats and Populists seem to have held its own.

MEMBERSHIP IN NEXT CONGRESS.

Table That Shows 201 Republicans, 124 Democrats and 19 Populists.

Washington, Nov. 6.—A table prepared by the Associated Press from the telegraph returns up to last midnight shows the election of 201 Republicans to the next house, 124 Democrats, 19 Populists, fusions and independents (a number which perhaps should be slightly increased, as a few of those classified as Democrats have independent leanings). Some districts are in doubt, and no attempt has been made to include Washington and South Dakota and three districts in Texas in the list owing to the meagre and conflicting returns. Washington has probably gone Democratic or independent on congressmen.

The senate is likely to stand after next March: Republicans, 44; Democrats, 32; independents and Populists, 12; doubtful, 2; total, 90.

Ninety-Five Thousand in Wisconsin.

Milwaukee, Nov. 5.—The changes made by fuller returns from nearly all the counties of the state, and closer estimates on the remaining counties, show an increased majority for the Republican presidential ticket in Wisconsin. The indications now are that the present plurality for the Republican presidential ticket, 95,935, will be increased by the returns yet to come in.

South Dakota a Tie on Electors.

Yankton, Nov. 7.—At 10 o'clock last night South Dakota's vote on presidential electors was tied, and an official count will be required to determine the result. The Republican managers have closed their office with the above declaration. They say any claim of the Populists that this state is for Bryan is not justified by the returns. Corrections and changes in three precincts not yet heard from may give the electors to either Bryan or McKinley. Republican congressmen and governor ran ahead of the electors by several hundred votes.

Bryan Congratulates His Opponent.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 5.—Mr. Bryan has sent the following telegram to Major McKinley: "Senator Jones has just informed me that the returns indicate your election, and I hasten to extend my congratulations. We have submitted the issue to the American people and their will is law."

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 7.—Bryan yesterday received the following reply to his telegram of congratulation to President-elect McKinley. The reply is dated Canton, O., Nov. 6: "I acknoledge the receipt of your courteous message of congratulation with thanks, and beg you will receive my best wishes for your health and happiness.

"William McKinley."

The Vote in Michigan.

Detroit, Nov. 6—The total vote of Michigan appears to have been, in round numbers, 485,000, of which for governor Pingree received 275,000; Sligh, 205,000. Pingree's actual plurality has increased to 70,300. McKinley's is about 16,000 less, on account presumably of the "Bryan and Pingree" votes, which shows that a considerable element which favored Bryan also voted for Pingree. The legislature is now estimated to stand as follows: Senate, 26 Republicans; 6 fusionists; house, 80 Republicans, 20 fusionists.

MERCHANTS MEET IN COUNCIL.

Will Discuss Matters of Mutual Interest—Thousands Expected.

Chicago, Nov. 10.—Trains from everywhere brought visiting merchants from smaller towns into Chicago yesterday. New arrivals are coming from the west, and before tomorrow it is expected there will be thousands of men representing the mercantile interests of the western states quartered at up-town hotels. The occasion of the gathering is the meeting of the Merchants' and Travelers' National association. Yesterday an executive session was held in the auditorium at Medinah Temple, Fifth avenue and Jackson street.

The association is composed of all jobbers and wholesale dealers in Chicago, who bear its expenses, and 50,000 merchants in seventeen western states. Its object is to bring about semi-annual meetings of business men for discussion and action on matters of mutual interest. Besides the executive session yesterday another will be held Nov. 14, and a general meeting, which is open to the public, will take place tomorrow at 4:30 p. m.

Grain Dealers' National Association.

Chicago, Nov. 10.—The Grain Dealers' National association was organized at the Saratoga hotel here yesterday. A committee was appointed to draw up the constitution and by-laws. The object of the grain men in forming a national organization is to secure reform legislation, and to keep out irregular grain elevator men at central points. The following officers were elected: President, E. S. Greenleaf, Jacksonville, Ills.; secretary, W. H. Chambers, Hepburn, Ia.

Farmers' National Congress.

Indianapolis, Nov. 10.—The opening session of the sixteenth annual meeting of the Farmers' National congress was held here this morning in the state house. The meeting will last three days. Already there has arrived at the Grand hotel a number of the principal officers, including President Clayton, of Iowa, and Secretary Stahl, of Michigan. The session began with the annual address of Colonel Clayton, national president.

Pardons for A. R. U. Strikers.

Washington, Nov. 10.—The president has pardoned W. H. Clune, Isaac Ross and Phillip Stanwood, of California, sentenced Dec. 6, 1894, to pay a fine of $1 and to be confined in Los Angeles county jail eighteen months for conspiracy, the offence being committed in the railway riots at that time general throughout the country.

Heavy Storm on Lake Erie.

Cleveland, Nov. 6.—A special from Sandusky says: A heavy storm blew up yesterday morning and raged on Lake Erie all day. One of Zistill Bros.' gill-netting sail-boats with three men aboard—Henry Mayo, Jacob and George Vergt—is missing and is believed to have gone to the bottom of the lake with the men on it.

Wm. H. Vanderbilt's Widow Dead.

New York, Nov. 7.—Mrs. Mary Louise Vanderbilt, widow of the late William H. Vanderbilt, died at 1:30 o'clock yesterday at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard at Scarboro, in West Chester county. She was stricken with heart disease and died suddenly and unexpectedly. She was 75 years old.

Involves Some Telephone Patents.

Washington, Nov. 10.—The case of the United States against the American Bell Telephone company was argued in the supreme court yesterday. In some respects the case is regarded as among the most important before the court, as it involves the validity of the Berliner patents owned by the Bell company.

Solly Smith Won in Eight Rounds.

London, Nov. 10.—Solly Smith, of Los Angeles, Cal., and Willie Smith, the featherweight champion of England, entered the ring of the National Sporting club of England last night to box twenty rounds at 122 pounds for a purse of $2,500. Solly Smith won easily in the eighth round.

Charged with a Big Embezzlement.

Chicago, Nov. 10.—Edwin T. Bennett, formerly manager of the Bay City (Mich.) Tribune, was arrested here yesterday charged with embezzlement. The warrant says $5,000 was taken, but the total amount, it is claimed, will amount to $15,000.

Helen Gougar Drops the Suit.

Boston, Nov. 10.—In the United States circuit court of appeals yesterday the famous libel suit, Helen M. Gougar vs. Elijah A. Morse, was dismissed for want of prosecution. The result is that the verdict below is sustained and judgment in the case follows for Mr. Morse.

Death of an Iowa Jurist.

Des Moines, Ia., Nov. 10.—Ex-Chief Justice W. E. Miller died at his home in thi scity yesterday at the age of 72. He was a member of the supreme court from 1870 to 1876. Afterwards he wrote and published a code of Iowa which became a standard work.

ILLINOIS MELANGE.

ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Some of the Principal Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our Readers—Matters of Interest.

Monticello, Ills., Nov. 9.—The betting men of this city are mourning because the money which they thought they had won on the result of the election has turned out to be worthless paper. A man named Lucas worked a neat game of flim-flam. Early in the campaign Mr. Lucas began hunting bets and taking the Bryan end as fast as he found takers. The money was inclosed in an envelope, and then Lucas would suggest that it be deposited in the bank, with instructions to the banker to turn over the envelope to the winner. About $500 was put up in this way. On Wednesday Mr. Lucas disappeared. As soon as he was missed the men who had bet with him went to the bank to obtain their money. When the envelopes were opened they were found to contain nothing but paper. It is supposed that the envelopes were changed on the road to the bank by Lucas, who always carried them.

Killed by a Folding Bed.

Chicago, Nov. 10.—Warren B. Mason of 140 South Lincoln street, a commercial traveler, died at his home Monday morning from the effects of his folding bed closing up on him Sunday. Mr. Mason was just getting out of the bed Sunday morning, his feet had reached the floor, and he was almost sitting in an upright position, when the bed fell, catching him in its grasp. His relatives were aroused by his cries and ran to his assistance, but only temporary relief could be afforded him, for his back was broken and there was no hope of his recovery.

Proved an Alibi.

Bloomington, Ills., Nov. 10.—James Sprague, who was arrested last week in Springfield, Ills., charged with the murder of William H. Dixon, was discharged. Sprague conclusively proved an alibi. A number of witnesses swore that at the time of the murder, the night of Aug. 19 last, Sprague was in Peoria. Young Dixon was shot while on his way to his home about midnight. The murder now seems to be as great a mystery as ever.

Murder at Joliet.

Joliet, Ills., Nov. 6.—A cold-blooded murder was the first thing that opened Wednesday's events in Joliet. Constable Frank Delong, a highly honored old citizen, in attempting to serve a warrant upon Lyman Hall, charged with disorderly conduct, was met at the door by Hall and shot three times. Hall went to the police station to give himself up. The police sent him at once to the jail, fearing he would be lynched.

Shot Himself by Accident.

Makanda, Ills., Nov. 9.—Rev. J. D. Crenshaw, pastor of the M. E. church, fatally shot himself Friday afternoon. He started rabbit hunting with his 6-year-old son and stopped at a well in his yard to get a drink. He either dropped his gun or fell. The hammer of the gun struck a rock, and the gun was discharged. The charge took effect in the brain. Mr. Crenshaw lies at his home unconscious, and cannot live.

Charles A. Ewing Dead.

Decatur, Ills., Nov. 7.—Charles A. Ewing, chairman of the Illinois gold standard Democratic committee, and one of the leaders in that movement from the first, died Friday morning at 6:20 of heart failure. He had been sick about three days. He was a cousin of Vice President Adlai D. Stevenson and has been for years one of the leaders at the Macon county bar and in central Illinois politics.

That Was Dead Easy; That Was.

Metropolis, Ills., Nov. 7.—Judge James C. Courtney fulfilled his election agreement with Miss Jane Neftsger Thursday afternoon. It was that if McKinley was elected he was to wheel her from her home to the postoffice and return, after first kissing her, the programme to be reverse in the event of Bryan's election. About 1,500 people witnessed the parade, and the judge was lustily cheered.

Suicide in a Public Office.

Chicago, Nov. 10.—Worried over his debts and his inability to pay them, and the fact that his home was mortgaged, Hugo M. Fiedler of 6753 Union avenue, an assistant bookkeeper in the offices of the city comptroller, shot himself in the forehead in a lavatory in the office where he was employed at 9 o'clock Monday morning.

Lawler for Pension Commissioner.

Rockford, Ills., Nov. 7.—This city will have a candidate for the office of commissioner of pensions under the new administration in the person of Colonel Thomas G. Lawler, ex-commander-in-chief of the G. A. R. His friends are preparing for energetic work in his behalf.

State Notes.

After two footpads at Chicago had robbed and beaten John Riskch they threw him from the west bank of the river at Monroe street. After ten minutes in the water he was rescued by the crew of the schooner L. H. Howland.

Chicago polled 46,055 more votes for president in Tuesday's election than did New York city.

The sum of $547,637.87 will be apportioned among the 698,221 children in Michigan at the rate of 77 cents per capita for school purposes.

Governor-Elect John R. Tanner and a party consisting of Supreme Court Justice I. N. Phillips, Thomas N. Jamieson and James Van Cleave, all of Illinois, have gone to Ocean Springs, Miss., to recuperate.

The report of the Chicago health department for October shows a death rate of 1.07, or an annual rate of 12.84 per 1,000. This is an unexampled record for a city of over 1,000,000.

Damages for Harriett Monroe.

Washington, Nov. 10.—The United States supreme court Monday affirmed the judgment of the lower court awarding Harriet Monroe $5,000 damages against the company publishing the New York World for alleged premature publication without her authority of the World's fair ode composed by her.

SIX MEN LOST IN THE GALE.

But One of the Crew of the Waukesha Alive and He Saved Unconscious.

Muskegon, Mich., Nov. 9.—The schooner Waukesha broke up while trying to ride out the gale at anchor here Saturday night, and only one survivor of her crew of seven has been rescued. He is still too weak to talk. At 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon she was sighted running with the gale under a torn mainsail. An attempt was made to enter Muskegon harbor, but the schooner drifted a mile south of the piers and then the anchor was dropped. She was riding three-quarters of a mile from shore at dark. The engineer and fireman of the city pumping station watched the lights until 9 p. m. Saturday, when they disappeared.

Shortly afterwards wreckage began coming in, and Sunday nothing could be seen of the lost boat. All night long wreckage continued to come up on the beach, and five bodies have been recovered. The names of the dead cannot be learned, as nothing about their clothing will identify them. The surviving sailor was washed ashore unconscious.

Later.—Last evening Frank Delach, the only survivor of the wreck, regained consciousness and made affidavit to the effect that there were seven men aboard the Waukesha, Captain Duncan Corbett, the mate, four seamen and a colored cook. When they arrived off Muskegon, Delach said, the captain mate and some of the sailors were very drunk.

MRS. CASTLE GETS THREE MONTHS.

Her Sentence, However, Will Almost Certainly be Remitted.

London, Nov. 7.—A few minutes was all that was necessary at the Marlborough police court, after all the evidence was in—with a plea of guilty for Mrs. Castle and one of not guilty for Mr. Castle—for the magistrates to bring in a verdict of guilty as to the wife and not guilty as to the husband. This was inevitable, but when the judges went on to send Mrs. Castle to prison for three months the unfortunate woman made the court room resound with her moans which were continued and could be heard in the court as she was led away to the jail. It was intimated by the magistrate that the sentence would not be exacted of Mrs. Castle in full.

The medical testimony was emphatic and conclusive that Mrs. Castle is possessed of a mania, taking the form of a desire to steal.

When Mrs. Castle arrived at the prison she was at once taken to the hospital, the doctor saying her case was undoubtedly one for the home office. She will surely have her punishment remitted.

Sensation in Railway Circles.

Topeka, Kan., Nov. 6.—Western railroad circles have a sensation in a second receivership for the Santa Fe. The road and equipment in Kansas was yesterday afternoon placed in the control of State Senator Charles F. Johnson, of Oskaloosa, Kan. Judge Louis Myers, of the First district, at Oskaloosa, made the appointment and ordered him to take charge of the property of the Santa Fe Railway company in Kansas. The property consists of nearly 500 miles of railroad, together with depots, shops and engine houses, office buildings, real estate and other property.

Passed Forged Checks.

Cleveland, O., Nov. 10.—Frank E. Norton, a traveling salesman of Boston, is locked up at the central police station on the charge of passing forged checks. A number of bogus checks were found upon his person when he was searched by the police. Norton says he comes from one of the best families of Massachusetts and attributes his downfall to drink.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.

Money on call easy at 4@5 per cent.; prime mercantile paper 6@7 per cent.; sterling exchange strong, higher, with actual business in bankers' bills at 485¼@486¼ for demand and 482½@483 for sixty days; posted rates, 482½@483¼ and 485¼@487; commercial bills, 481¾.

Silver certificates, 65¼@66¼; sales, $3,000; bar silver, 65; Mexican dollars, 50¾.

United States government bonds firm; 4's registered, 120; do coupons, 122; 5's registered, 111½; do coupons, 111¾; 4's registered, 106¼; do. coupons, 106; 2's registered, 98; Pacific 6's of '97, 101.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Nov. 9.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—November, opened and closed nominal; December, opened 78c, closed 79c; May, opened 82½c, closed 83¼c. Corn—November, opened and closed nominal; December, opened 20¾c, closed 21¼c; May, opened 26c, closed 26¼c. Oats—November, opened and closed nominal; December, opened 19½c, closed 19¾c; May, opened 23¾c, closed 23¾c. Pork—December, opened $7.15, closed $7.00; January, opened $7.05, closed $6.92½. Lard—December, opened $4.27½, closed $4.17½; January, opened $4.35, closed $4.37½.

Produce—Butter: Extra creamery 19c per lb; extra dairy, 15c; fresh packing stock, 7@8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 17½@18c per doz. Poultry — Turkeys, 8½c per lb; chickens (hens), 7½c; spring chickens, 8c; roosters, 4c; ducks, 8½@9c; geese, $4.00@4.75. Potatoes—Burbanks, 20@25c per bu; Hebron, 15@20c. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, $1.50@1.75 per bbl. Honey—White clover combs, 10@13c per lb.; extracted, 5@7. Apples—Common to fancy, 50c@$1.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Nov. 9.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 37,000; sales ranged at $3.60@3.55 pigs, $3.20@3.45 light, $3.10@3.20 rough packing, $3.30@3.70 mixed, and $3.35@3.65 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 13,000; quotations ranged at $4.20@5.25 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.50@4.60 good to choice do, $4.30@4.65 fair to good, $3.70@4.10 common to medium do, $3.50@3.90 butchers steers, $2.65@3.80 stockers, $2.40@3.80 feeders, $1.50@3.25 cows, $2.60@3.90 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.70@3.35 Texas steers, $2.90@4.10 western rangers, and $3.00@4.00 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 18,000; sales ranged at $2.25@3.30 western, $1.10@2.75 Texans, $1.50@3.80 natives, and $3.00@5.00 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 9.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 85¼@85¾c; track, 86¼@86c; No. 2 hard cash, 73½c bid; December, 84½c; May, 86¾c asked. Corn—No. 2 cash, 23¾c; December, 23¾@23¾; May, 26¼@26¾c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 17c bid; May, 23½c. Rye—34@c.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 9.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 81c; No. 1 northern, 81c; December, 76¼c. Corn—No. 3, 24@25c. Oats—No. 2 white, 21c; No. 3 do, 17@20½c. Barley—No. 2, 35½c; sample, 24@35½c. Rye—No. 1, 40c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Nov. 4.

The skulls of eight humans were found in a cave in Breckinridge county, Ky. They are thought to have been victims of the John A. Murrell gang, who inspired the region with terror many years ago.

At the Clerkenwell sessions, London, the grand jury found true bills against Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Castle, of San Francisco, accused of shoplifting.

The New York city dock department has decided to erect free roof gardens over certain piers along the water front near the tenement districts.

Obituary: At Komo, Ind., Nathan Small, 92.—At Naperville, Ill., Mrs. Harriet L. Van Dyck, 66.—At Mount Carroll, Ill., John Garver, 80.

Tobe Stanley, a mine superintendent, was shot and fatally wounded on the way to the polls at Ashland, Ky., by Ike Barker, who put three bullets in the victim's abdomen.

Chief Justice Fuller gave notice that the supreme court would take a recess Nov. 16 until Dec. 1.

Thursday, Nov. 5.

The main building of the United States Carriage company at Columbus, O., was gutted by fire. Loss about $30,000, covered by insurance.

Henry Seebeck, known to all the children of Pearl street, New York, as "Santa Claus," fell from the sidewalk into an excavation and fractured his skull, killing him instantly.

Joshua Levering, the Prohibition candidate for president, spent most of election day superintending the removal of his household goods from his country residence to his home in Baltimore.

Elijah B. Glenn, who celebrated his one hundredth birthday a few weeks ago, walked several miles from his home to his polling place in Newark, N. J., and cast his vote for Bryan and Sewall.

A. M. Barnhart, president of Barnhart Bros. & Spindler, type founders, Chicago, came all the way from France to vote, only to find that under the laws of Illinois he was disinfranchised. He had not registered.

Friday, Nov. 6.

Because he was jealous A. L. Snook shot and killed his wife at Kansas City. He then killed himself. The deed was done in front of a hotel with crowds of people around.

By a curious chance Senator John M. Palmer has been elected surveyor of Sangamon county, Ills. Nobody had been nominated for the office by any convention and the voters just wrote in Palmer's name.

A Singapore dispatch says that contracts have been signed at Pekin for two Armstrong cruisers and four German torpedo boats.

Captain Hatfield, of Hatfield-McCoy fame, killed Henderson Chambers and John Elliott Rutherford, of Matewan, W. Va., during a quarrel over politics. Hatfield escaped.

During a battle between negroes and whites in Winchester, Ky., six negroes were shot, four fatally.

Justice Stephen J. Feld Wednesday celebrated his 80th birthday, receiving many visitors.

Saturday, Nov. 7.

Some practical joker has sent a warning to some prominent New York Republicans that if they do not keep their pledges revolution will follow. The fake is signed "The Red Hand."

Miss Fannie Viola Finnegan, of Spencer, Mass., stopping at Jacksonville, Fla., shot herself and left instructions that she was to be buried with the revolver in her hand and in the dress she wore when she committed suicide. Her instructions were complied with.

Michael Carmody, a flagman at the Burlington tracks in Chicago, was instantly killed by a switch engine.

Carlos Martyn, the young son of Chicago's Parkhurst, was sentenced at Los Angeles, Cal., to five years in San Quentin penitentiary. He pleaded guilty of forgery.

Miss Stacia Livingston, of Almond Portage county, who was elected county superintendent of schools, is the first woman who has ever appeared on any county ticket in Wisconsin.

Monday, Nov. 9.

It is said at Sioux Falls, S. D., that Senator Kyle will be succeeded by J. M. Goodykuntz, who has been during the late campaign doing hard work for the Populist cause.

The only important silver mine in Nevada will at once open in full blast. Two hundred men have been engaged to commence work at once and others will be put on later.

David Dodge, a well-known western lawyer, who for many years practiced law at St. Joseph, Mo., was found dead in a chair at Perry, O. T. He doubtless succombed to heart disease.

Miss Annie Corbin, daughter of the late Austin Corbin, was married Saturday to Hallet Alsop Borrowe.

In the Jackson (O.) district most of the coal miners have refused to go to work at the cut rate, 45 cents.

The Wood & Parker Lithographing company at New York has assigned. Liabilities, $30,000; nominal assets, $60,000.

Li Hung Chang's celebrated coffin which he carried with him on his recent tour of the world was burned recently in a fire on board the steamship Glenarteney.

Pure

Blood means sound health. With pure blood your stomach and digestive organs will be vigorous; no dyspepsia. Rheumatism and neuralgia will be unknown. Scrofula and salt rheum will disappear. Your nerves will be strong, your sleep sound, sweet and refreshing. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. That is why it cures so many complaints. That is why thousands take it to cure disease, retain health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. Small size, 2s. 9d.; large, 4s. 6d. Sold by all chemists, or by post of C. I. Hood & Co., 26, Snow Hill, London, E. C.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 1s. 1½d.

SINGULAR DREAMS.

A MAN WHO HAD THEM ASKS FOR THEIR INTERPRETATION.

Though Very Ill He Learned From Visions That He Would Recover—Dreams of Struggles, and the Next Day He Was Very Sore—On the Sea of Galilee.

Dreams are not without significance, especially to those who have a high set purpose in life. And as this subject is of interest to many I will relate a series of dreams in my own experience to which possibly some one can give a clearer interpretation than I.

Having been taken very ill in winter and this being my second attack, all my friends and associate physicians said I was at death's door and it was not possible for me to recover. It meant but a few hours, or days at the most. I was unconscious at times, but through it all the idea was firmly rooted in my mind that "there is more life for me, and I cannot, I will not go."

There followed four days of complete darkness, and when a little natural sleep came it was accompanied each night for three weeks by a dream of my encounter with some vicious animal—beginning with a bull, then a boar and next a large mastiff. This order never varied. When the bull came toward me, I easily and quickly vaulted the fence as he pinned it below me. In my encounter with the boar I grabbed him by the throat and threw him on his back, thus getting safely away. (Next morning the biceps and supinators of my arm were so sore that they had to be rubbed). Next the mastiff approached. I quickly grasped him by the larnyx till I could get hold of his tongue. This grip seemed to affect the muscles of my wrist and hand alone, which were just as sore and stiff as formerly.

After the expiration of the three weeks I had no dreams whatever for a few nights. When they returned, I became more and more worried, until, after the last one, something said to me: "This is good, not evil. You are surely a conqueror." However, not much physical improvement was visible.

In the next dream I saw a blue and white light growing into a crown, in which the word "Power" in bright letters was inclosed. This seemed to give me hope, also strength and courage, and I felt somewhat better.

Three nights later I dreamed of being on the lake of Galilee, in the boat with Christ and his disciples, and such a picture as lay before me is hard to describe. The disciples seemed agitated, the sea was rough, and the boat frail; yet I was calm. The disciples looked at me and then at the sleeping Christ, but did not speak. I was half reclining, but why so calm I knew not. Presently the spokesman of the group arose and whispered to the rest, and as they all got up he touched Christ and said, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" Christ's face, as he arose and rebuked them, wore an expression of mingled gentleness, sternness and pity. I was thrilled as he held out his hand, with a graceful movement and said, "Peace, be still." Then came a remarkable calm—a beautiful sunset on a sea of glass.

I awoke feeling much better and with strong hope. My improvement was very noticeable from this time forward. Then came a lull, which was followed by dreams of a different character for another period of three weeks. I heard glorious music by a full voiced choir, commencing regularly at sunset and continuing until I was soothed asleep. I felt more vigorous after this experience. Then, for the next three weeks, I saw only a beautiful blue and white light, just as I fell asleep.

As I went about, obliged to mingle in the affairs of daily life, I had no dreams for quite awhile, being somewhat worried by business and other cares. Finally my will again asserted itself. Then began, lasting for three weeks, a series of wonderful texts and sayings, which were given to me by a voice sufficiently audible to arouse me in the morning. They would frequently ring in my ears all day. This seemed to give me power over myself and others. Then I began to get messages and impressions from friends at a distance.

Lastly, approaching my office one morning after leaving the car, I seemed overwhelmed by a condition in which I was very happy and unconscious of my surroundings. When I reached the office, I felt a desire to be alone for a few minutes. I sat down, and my eyes closed, when I saw a beautiful, large star, and while I was looking at it a voice said audibly, seven times, "Let the light of life shine forth in you."

Next morning the same condition came at precisely the same place, lasting until the office was reached. This time I saw a beautiful moon and heard a voice speak the words seven times, "This light of life, so free, is yours." The moon disappeared, as the star had done, after the seventh time. I felt very sleepy and dosed for about three minutes.

It would seem that in these occurrences the regularity of the appearances and of the number of times in each case is worthy of note.—Metaphysical Magazine.

Chinese Ways.

The Chinese are said to be very skillful in telling the time of day by looking into a cat's eyes. When they want to know what o'clock it is, they will run to the nearest cat, open her eyes, and at once tell what time it is. This they do by observing the size of the aperture of the pupil of the eye, which they have discovered is of varying size at different hours of the day, being affected by the position of the sun and the character of light, even when the day is cloudy.—New York Times.

Crime and Cruelty.

Crime is nothing but cruelty, and all cruelty is criminal in its tendencies.—Church Union.

JOAN OF ARC.

Her Faith In Her Mission Overcame All Obstacles Before the King.

Her conviction was so strong that it gained the sympathy of the poor about her. To these humble beings, for whom everything is difficulty and impossibility in life, imagination opens a rich field, where all dreams seem credible. They believed the dream of Joan and lent their aid to the accomplishment of her miracle. This help and complicity of the people she was to find everywhere on her road. The king and the nobles accepted her because she served their purpose; the people believed in her and lent her strength. Thus from the first step of her undertaking her situation was clearly outlined, as it was to be to the end—to martyrdom. The poor people gave from their poverty to buy her a horse and vestments of war, and a squire, Jean de Metz, won by the popular enthusiasm, offered to accompany her with a few men. They set out for Chinon, where the court was assembled.

The way was long and beset with danger, but Joan upheld the courage of her companions. "Fear nothing," she said. "The Lord God has chosen my route; my brothers in paradise guide me on the way." And in safety they arrived at Chinon. There new obstacles arose. It was difficult to obtain access to the king, jealously guarded from all outside influence by his favorite, La Tremoille. But, as in a fairy tale, doors were opened, walls fell before her magic, and one evening the young peasant entered the great hall where, among the courtiers, disguised in a modest costume, stood the king, whom she had never seen. Without hesitation she walked straight to the king and, falling on her knees, proffered her request with so much grace and ardor that Charles VII was moved.

But imposture, witchcraft even, was suspected, and before a decision was arrived at learned doctors and ecclesiastics were called on to examine her and scrutinize her conscience. To all the subtleties of her examiners she answered with so much simplicity, so much profundity of good sense, that they were confounded. "There is more in the book of God than in yours," she said, and added, "I know not a from b, but I am sent of the Lord God."—"The National Hero of France," by Maurice Boutet de Monvel, in Century.

QUEER BULLETS.

Nuggets of Gold and Wooden Slugs Used by Hunters In Emergencies.

When a hunter in the old days lost all his bullets or hadn't any to shoot with, he usually devised substitutes that on occasion served the purpose well. All sorts of things have been fired at game or Indians, as the case might be. Old Hank Ellison, living up in Jefferson county, N. Y., told to his dying day how he was cooped up by Indians out west once with a little lead, lots of powder, a belt full of gold nuggets, a fine rifle and a bullet mold. It was on the top of a knoll where his log cabin had been built, and he had a barrel of water and a lot of wood for emergencies. The Indians kept just out of range, dashing in once in awhile to draw his fire. He soon used his bullets up and then used the gold. He fired nearly half his fortune at the redskins before they left him.

Many a hunter has used a pebble in the hope of getting a close deadly shot. Jackknives and ramrods have served their time as missiles. Forest and Stream tells about a hunter who had only a single bullet, but lots of powder. The bullet shot the horn of a big buck off, and the buck charged the man, who took to a tree top. He spent half an hour whittling off two inch lengths of branches and putting them into his rifle. Then he rammed them down on the powder and fired at the maddened deer. His partner came along after awhile with a belt full of bullets and, making a run for the tree, gave a bullet to the shooter, who quickly killed the deer.—New York Sun.

Patent Office Profits.

"So far there have been nearly 200 patents issued for horseshoes," observed a blacksmith. "Every one of them was supposed to have merit. A large number of them were supposed to be of value for the reason that they could be put on horses by bands or clasps and thus save time and the expense of horseshoers. Six thousand dollars, therefore, has been paid into the patent office by inventors of horseshoes.

"Not one of these inventions was ever used, and today, as during the past, horses are shod. The only shoe that can be put on a horse must be nailed on by a blacksmith. There is no royal road to wealth, and there is no way to shoe a horse except to nail on the shoe. This $6,000 is but a small part of the money paid out in connection with patented horseshoes."—Washington Star.

Sardou's Hobby.

Sardou's hobby is building himself houses. In this way he delights in spending his wealth. On Mount Boron, on the outskirts of Nice, stands a huge erection of stone, dwarfing the surrounding villas, which is merely the foundation of a palatial residence which the eminent dramatist commenced, and after an expenditure of some $200,000 was prevented from completing on the ground that the structure would interfere with the outlook of the fort perched on the hill behind.

Expert Opinion.

The white gull, circling high in the air over the sand dunes along the lonely shore of the lake, looked with pitying contempt at the wreck of the flying machine far below.

"In my opinion," said the bird, "no inventor will ever hatch a real flying machine out of his head. The human skull is too thick."—Chicago Tribune.

In no European country have so many illustrious English dead been buried as in Italy.

SPIDERS IN BATTLE.

THEY CONDUCT THEMSELVES WITH ALMOST HUMAN INTELLIGENCE.

A Fight to the Finish Between a Black Tiger Spider and a Pair From the Gray Hill Tribe—The Bout by Rounds—All "Put to Sleep," Though the Black Won.

In the quiet laboratory of a Ninth street chemist the other day there was enacted a little tragedy which afforded a demonstrated lesson in the etiquette of duelism as it is conducted among the spiders. Few realize the intelligence these inconspicuous little creatures often display, and in fact few people besides scientists go to the trouble of spending an hour or so watching them.

The doctor espied a spider in the corner of the laboratory window sill. He procured a wide mouthed jar, and with a stick endeavored to push the spider into it. The insect turned savagely on it and darted quickly up the stick toward his hand. Stick and spider were dropped immediately on to the sill, from which in another instant the creature was scooped into the jar.

He lay sullen and bunched up at the bottom. His body was fully three-quarters of an inch long, the thorax mottled black and green, the abdomen pursy, round and marked with well defined stripes of black and yellow; the legs not very long, but stout, hairy and ending in unusually strong, double claws, while the head was armed with a pair of shining black mandibles that looked like small steel pinchers. One of the neighbors said afterward that it was a "tiger spider," and there was no question as to the aptness of the name. His behavior was so ugly and fierce that he made a good subject for testing the pugnacity of spiders with their kind.

The doctor was familiar with his own home, and having made the capture he went up into his own garret, where the walls and corners were profusely decorated with "will you walk into my parlor" contrivances. He singled out a typical web and proceeded. The mouth of the web was opened out over quite a considerable area and ran back as a narrow tube, the whole being like the most delicately woven gray white silk. Throwing a tempting bait into the web in the shape of a fly, the doctor had no difficulty in sweeping two gray spiders into another jar.

He got a deep sided salad bowl and dumped the gray spiders in. They at once began running around the flat bottom, making wild dashes up the sides and tumbling over each other in their excited efforts to escape.

As soon as the tiger spider was shaken out of his pickle jar into the bowl the gray spiders ceased their wild actions and took up a crouching position at one side of the bowl bottom. The tiger spider made no effort to escape, but after one or two rapid reconnoiters of his surroundings squatted just across from and facing the hill tribers.

The first offensive movements came from the gray spiders. These were in the nature of slow advances and retreats along the circumference line of the bowl bottom, with the evident intention of taking the tiger spider on the flank. At each advance, however, the tiger spider sat up, resting on his four posterior and middle feet, while the two anterior legs were stretched out like the arms of a wrestler, and the strong caliper shaped jaws were opened to their fullest extent.

Suddenly one of the spiders made a characteristic but fatal dash. He seemed actually to leap at the big spider. But quick as the hill spider was, the tiger spider was equally so. As the long drab spider darted in, the big black and yellow fellow sprung up and faced him. The next instant they closed, and in a moment three of the hill spider's legs lay on the glass, and the tiger spider, holding his enemy in a bearlike hug, was burying his mandibles in the other's throat.

The killing had not been done, however, without receipt of injury on both sides. One yellow and black leg lay with the three drab ones, and there were two drops of black juice on the pursy abdomen of the tiger spider, which showed where the gray spider had planted his jaws in the rush.

Meanwhile, too, the second gray spider had not been idle, but was circling round and about the struggling pair. Then, seeing his opportunity, he dashed in, only to be faced by the burly fighter, who, to meet the new attack uncumbered, threw the body of the dead combatant from him with a gesture that was almost human.

The clinch did not follow so quickly this time. The gray spider succeeded in getting in and away, clipping off another yellow and black leg as he did so, but in the second rush he was caught, and the tiger spider's jaws were locked in his throat.

So ended the fight.

The tiger spider held on to his second corpse so long and quietly that I thought him dead also, until I stirred him with my pen, when he staggered furiously against it, opened his jaws and rolled over, a corpse.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The New Woolens.

The winter's woolens are handsome and varied. Iridescent effects, rich heather mixtures and boucle effects are numerous, having, for example, a medium or dark woolen ground variegated by contrasting threads of silk, or the foundation is a blue or deep red, for instance, with a very shaggy raised design of glossy black wool on the surface. These materials will be much worn, with the small addition, perhaps, of a corded silk vest to match the silk intermixture or else the background. Very little decoration is needed for these showy textiles.

Not Embarrassed.

"Is it true that Pidger is financially embarrassed?"

"He is awfully in debt, but it doesn't seem to embarrass him any."—Chicago Record.

THE BEST PASSPORT.

It Is to Always Look Pleasant and Do No Grumbling.

"What is the first duty of a good traveler?" asked a young lady who was about to start from New York on an extended European tour.

"To look pleasant and never to grumble," was the answer of a veteran wanderer who had crossed the ocean 20 times and gone twice around the world.

It was a good prescription and will help to make a good traveler of any novice. The fatigue of the longest journey can be patiently endured if one can only be amiable and avoid the weariness that comes from fretting over what is unavoidable and worrying over trifles.

An American girl not long ago spoiled the pleasure of a party of tourists by complaining of everything on sea and on land. The ship was a dreadful roller, the cabins were badly ventilated, the cooking was abominable, the service was shocking, the officers were uncivil, and the passengers were disagreeable and stupid! Nothing suited her, and she had not a good word for anybody. Every member of the party was indignant over her want of amiability.

"It makes me almost seasick merely to look at her!" exclaimed one of the ladies.

"Perhaps she will cheer up," was the charitable response, "when she reaches port."

But she was as unhappy on land as she had been at sea. She was angry with the customs officers and told them that they had mauled and ruined her best gown. She found fault with the lovely rural scenery between Southampton and London. She pronounced English cooking to be utterly vile. She inveighed bitterly against the weather and the climate. She was not interested in cathedrals, castles, palaces, pictures, colleges, ruins or country roads. She was bored by everything she saw.

One night she received a round robin signed by every other member of the party, expressing regret that she was not enjoying her journey and offering their sympathies in her vexations and discomforts. It was a bold stroke on the part of her friends, who were worn out by her tiresome peevishness. Fortunately it was not unsuccessful. Not another word of complaint was heard from her during the remainder of the tour.

A pleasant, cheerful face and manner that express kindliness and good will make the best passport which a traveler can carry into a foreign country. They insure civility and courtesy from officials, fellow travelers and strangers and are an unfailing resource whenever there is any misadventure.—Youth's Companion.

TWO VIEWS OF PENSIONS.

Not Many Rich In Our Wars, Writes Ex-President Harrison.

"There may be fair differences of opinion as to the extent and conditions of pension relief, but there is no room for doubts as to pensions," writes ex-President Harrison in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Eleven dollars a month for war service implies at least relief in case of wounds or sickness for the soldier and that the public will care for his widow and minor children. When the law of pillage prevailed, it was otherwise, and when our rich men take to fighting our wars we can abolish the pension system, but thus far it is as historically true of the armies that won our independence, delivered us from the Indians and the British and saved the nation in the great civil war as of the kingdom of heaven, 'Not many rich.'

"There are two views of the pension question—one from the Little Round Top at Gettysburg, looking out over a field sown thickly with the dead and around upon bloody, blackened and maimed men cheering the shot torn banner of their country; the other from an office desk on a busy street or from an endowed chair in a university, looking only upon a statistical table."

Wealth of Actors.

The wealth of actors is generally overestimated. Joseph Jefferson, Sol Smith Russell, Joseph Murphy and William Crane are rich men, of whose solid fortunes there is little doubt. But most of them, liked Nat Goodwin and Henry E. Dixey, while they make enormous sums, spend money as if they were possessed of Fortunatus' purse. They seem to go on the principle that governed Sarah Bernhardt, when, at one of her periodic auctions in Paris, she replied to somebody who protested against her prodigality: "I have my capital in me, and it will last as long as I do. When I lose it, I shall no longer be in need of money."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Two Tempting Offers.

One of the down town clothiers has this advertisement, which he has displayed in several newspapers:

"We agree to give all our customers fits."

A patent medicine dealer, who caught sight of the ad. yesterday for the first time, said that he intended to immediately insert another notice beneath it, as follows:

"I will cure those fits cheap as dirt."—Syracuse Post.

True Devotion.

Will—I am tired of this life, and I am going to the other world.

Marie—What! Do you mean that you intend to commit suicide?

Will—No, no. I mean London, Paris and perhaps Vienna.

Marie—I, too, am tired of this life. Take me with you, and let's have a double funeral!—Town Topics.

It is a curious circumstance that the skin of the abdomen of frogs changes its hue on the approach of bad weather, and from the clear white becomes a dirty yellow.

A letter written and mailed in Jiddah, Arabia, will be delivered in New York 21 days later.

THE WOOD.

Witch hazel, dogwood and the maple here,
And there the oak and hickory,
Linn, poplar and the beech tree far and near
As the eased eye can see.

Wild ginger, wahoo, with its roan balloon,
And brakes of briers of a twilight green,
And fox grapes plumed with summer, and strung moons
Of mandrake flower between.

Deep gold green ferns and mosses red and gray—
Mats for what naked myth's white feet—
And cool and calm a cascade far away,
With ever falling beat.

Old logs made sweet with death, rough bits of bark,
And tangled twig and knotted root,
And sunshine splashes, and great pools of dark,
And many a wild bird's flute.

Here let me sit until the Indian dusk
With copper colored feet comes down,
Sowing the wildwood with star fire and musk
And shadows blue and brown.

Then side by side with some magician dream
To take the owlet haunted lane,
Half roofed with vines, led by a firefly gleam,
That brings me home again.

—Madison Cawein in "Undertones."

HERALDRY.

One View of the Shorthand of History and Chronology.

Heraldry can make the world a glorified world. It is a quarry where every one may hew and a sea where every one may dip his oar, and if heraldry became again a fine art she could be once more the bride of history, while art with her tumult of enthusiasm alone can deck her fittingly. Without art heraldry is an uncouth and dead thing; with art she liveth for every one and is truly a science.

Heraldry creates intelligent curiosity and stimulates historic imagination. She awakens interest in generations gone by and should be taught, says Mr. Ruskin, to the young men and maidens of the street and lane, for heraldry helps to decipher the forgotten handwriting on the wall and the glorious record of our ancestors' doings and strivings and progress and upward climbing in the long crusade against tyranny and slavery and ignorance and intolerance.

That heraldry is the shorthand of history and chronology seems to be now allowed, and heraldry, in a sense, should be the application of the fine arts of sculpture and painting to family history. It is the silent language which Christendom adopted and developed at the time of the crusades. In silence and in hope she spake, through the eyes, to the heart of Christendom, of the noble deeds of her children, and she is altogether indispensable if the heraldric allusions in Dante, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Scott, etc., are not to be entirely lost.

Heraldry has received the sanction of centuries, and a herald of the true strain is neither finicking, fretful nor faulty, but full of goodly joy and at times even of pious mirth. And if some peep and mutter at abuses, forgetting that the abuse of anything is no argument against its proper use, others see and learn that heraldry has educational value, is to many a race a wayside sacrament and blazes broad its potent influence—namely, that nothing must be done to tarnish the family escutcheon.

In England also, in the absence of hereditary rank, coat armor is the only distinctive mark of birth and high blood for the untitled nobility.—Nineteenth Century.

Heavy Justice.

It seems that abnormally stout people have their uses in this world as well as other things. The other day, as an exceedingly corpulent old gentleman was leisurely proceeding along Regent street, a detected pickpocket, who was fleeing at the top of his speed from two myrmidons of the law, violently collided with him, and the pair rolled over in the gutter together, the stout gentleman on top.

The pickpocket made strenuous but unavailing efforts to extricate himself from under the mountain of flesh, but the corpulent gentleman remained a fixture until the pursuers came up and captured the rascal.

Then the fat man picked himself up, nothing the worse for his mishap and moved off with the remark that so long as he had breath in his body, his weight would "always be thrown on the side of law and justice."—Pearson's Weekly.

Artificial Halos or "Sun Dogs."

An experiment which illustrates in a very curious manner the actual philosophy of the formation of halos or "sundogs" has been made by Drs. Brewer and Dixon and is explained by them as follows: Take a solution of alum and spread a few drops of it over a pane of glass. It will readily crystalize in small, flat octohedrons, scarcely visible to the eye. When this pane of prepared glass is held between the observer and the sun, or even a candle (with eyes very close to the smooth side of the glass), there will be seen three different but distinct and beautiful halos, each at a different distance from the luminous body.—St. Louis Republic.

A Royal Draftsman.

The late shah of Persia was an excellent draftsman. On his visit to England seven years ago he sketched the artist of The Graphic as that gentleman was sketching him, and the royal drawing was dashed off with a keen yet unexaggerated power of caricature not often met with in an amateur's work.

Albany claims the honor of having made the first carriages manufactured entire in this country. Several were built in the year 1814, and the event was duly noted at the time as an evidence of the spread of United States enterprise.

Henry III of France was surnamed the Minion, it is said, on account of his compliance with the wishes of the emperor.

One thousand cubic centimeters equal a quart of the standard measures in use in this country.

WINGED SEEDS.

The Wind Plays an Important Part In the Spreading of Plants.

The usual way for seeds to be carried is by the wind. Sometimes they are so small and light as to be easily wafted by the breezes. This is the case with the seed of the moccasin flowers and meadow pinks and the other beautiful plants of our woods and bogs called orchids. And the tiny bodies, like atoms of dust, termed "spores," that answer to seed in ferns and mosses and toadstools, are borne away by the lightest breath of air. But most seeds are themselves too heavy for this. So they are ofttimes provided with thin, broad wings that carry them before the wind as a sail carries a boat. The pairs of "keys" that hang in clusters from the maple trees in spring are such winged fruits. When ripe, they float slowly to the ground, or if a high wind is blowing they are carried farther from the tree. The ash has thick bunches of winged fruits much like these, but single. The elm has a thin, papery border all around its small seeds, which makes them quite conspicuous as they hang on the branchlets before the leaves have come out.

Numbers of plants have about the seeds delicate hairs or bristles that take the place of wings. A dandelion "clock," or a head of thistle down, is a bunch of seeds, each with a circle of fine bristles on the summit. When the seeds are ripe, along comes a breeze, and, puff, away go the seeds, hanging from their tufts of bristles as the basket hangs from a balloon. The bunches of long silky hairs that come from a bursting pod of milkweed and fill the air around have each their precious cargo in the shape of a small brown seed. The seeds that ripen in heads on the clematis after the handsome purple flower leaves have fallen have long feathered tails, like slender bird plumes, that do the same work that is given to the silk of milkweed. The "cotton" around the seeds of the willows at the riverside and of the poplars along city streets serves the same useful purpose. Cotton itself is only a bunch of fine white hair around the seed. Ages before men thought of spinning it and weaving it into cloth it was making itself useful to the cotton plant by helping to scatter its seeds. — "How Plants Spread," by Thomas H. Kearney, Jr., in St. Nicholas.

NOT GOOD EVIDENCE.

It Is an Easy Matter to Change Photographic Pictures.

Photographic copies of an original, it is claimed, are not acceptable as proof before a court, inasmuch as the photographs may easily be changed to suit the wish. Expert picture makers can take a photograph, and by various processes secure a composite containing several features desired that did not exist in the original.

A celebrated photographer of this city declared that it is an easy matter to change photographs. Pictures can be made to show the body of one person with the head of another, or it is possible to insert certain features desired in a photograph. The producers of at photographs often use the form of one subject and the head of another in order to obtain the most symmetrical results and thus form a sort of composite picture.

"By the use of nitric acid," he said, "any part of the silver print photograph, the one commonly used, can be erased. If the picture were a platinum print, which is unlikely, the same effect could be secured by the use of aquaregia or a liquid composed of a mixture of nitric and muriatic acids, which acts as a solvent for gold or platinum prints." It was shown that original signatures could be erased and others pasted or copied thereon and then a photograph taken which would seem that the result was a perfect photograph of an original paper.—Philadelphia Call.

Sunday In Chinatown.

The population of Chinatown on Sundays is about 4,000 or 5,000, on weekdays very much less. The difference may be accounted for by the fact that on Sunday the Chinese from all parts of New York and Brooklyn, and from Long Island, New Jersey and Connecticut towns, flock to Chinatown to visit their friends and to do business. Since the American Sunday does not permit laundry work on that day, the laundrymen seize upon it as a general recreation day and go to Chinatown by hundreds. This, therefore, is the great business day of that region, and all the stores are open and every employee is constantly occupied.

Here the laundrymen buy all their dry groceries, their clothing and their laundry supplies. Here, also, are the great family headquarters whither comes the mail from China and where the Chinese meet to discuss the affairs of their people and incidentally the various phases of American anti-Chinese legislation.—"The Chinese of New York," by Helen F. Clark, in Century.

"Stripes" Has No Friends In the Jungle.

Birds and monkeys will often warn the jungler of the approach of a tiger; the latter especially take every opportunity to express by loud hootings the intensity of their feelings at the hated presence of either of the dread beings of their jungles. I have heard, too, that peculiar bark of the sambar stag sound again and again in the night air from out the dark jungles on the banks of the Nerbudda as he sends out a warning to his kind that murderous "stripes" is stalking near.—"Panther Shooting In Central India," by Captain C. J. Melliss, in Scribner's.

How It Got There.

A young man took his watch to a jeweler and asked the reason of it stopping. "Well," said the jeweler, "there is a bedbug in it." "Why, how could a bedbug get in a watch?" "Easily enough," said the jeweler, "it went in between the ticks."—Hennessy Press-Democrat.

THE CITIZEN.

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CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 14, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. Albert Chevalier.

GREAT NORTHERN THEATRE.
Jackson street, between Dearborn and State—"Heartsease."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Dorcas."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Brownies."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Richard Mansfield.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—"The White Slave."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel.
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

BAYARD AND SALISBURY.

Tom Bayard was in his element as chief international flunkey and "scratch me and I'll scratch you" artist at the London Lord Mayor's banquet on Monday night. This pompous ass does not represent American manhood or dignity, although he flatters himself he does. He could not help ringing in the politics of his country as he did also in his Edinburgh speech, which procured for him the censure of all self-respecting Americans. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Bayard said:

"I have obtained an idea from a distinguished diplomat, Lord Dufferin, who recently said that the governments of the world were a mass of palpitating nervous sensations. The result, he said, of bringing together these sensations was to destroy isolation, splendid or otherwise, and to induce nations to feel and act as ladies and gentlemen, with consideration for each other's feelings and interests. The people I represent have made a declaration in no narrow sense and in no local or merely national sense, which stands as a verdict and declaration for national honor, speaking to the human heart and mind in favor of that honesty which is essential for the civilization of the world. You cannot today shock civilization even on its exterior boundaries without affecting its heart. This enables me to speak not for myself or my country but for the whole Diplomatic Corps. The world is one. Who does not perceive it and who does not realize the truth and force of the day in which we live?"

What meaningless rot this Brummagem ambassador affects "the world" with. "The world is one." Of course it is, as a physical entity—any fool would know that much—but not as a moral, social or political entity. An all-wise Providence has decreed that there shall be different nations and differing opinions. Is the world one in contemplating the massacres of the Turk in Armenia and Constantinople? Is the world one in beholding Weyler's butcheries in Cuba? Is the world one in applauding English-made famines in Ireland? What has an election in America got to do with a Lord Mayor's feed in London—unless, indeed, the unwound intestines of Bayard are used as a chain of connection? Filled with good beef, plum pudding and old port, the diplomatic imbecile from Delaware ended his speech by praying "God speed the City of London."

This was Lord Salisbury's cue, and he immediately "rose to the occasion." He did not fail to notice, in a peculiarly sarcastic manner, Bayard's breach of good taste in introducing foreign politics, although he took advantage of the ambassador's "break" to put in his own oar, thus:

"I thank Mr. Bayard for his presence here tonight, and for his joining in this historic meeting. By the few words he has uttered he has raised his own plane of observation so high above the mere level of party that, though contrary to our practice to make observations on the internal politics of other states, I may be permitted without impertinence to congratulate him upon the splendid pronouncement which the great people he represents has made in behalf of the principles which lie at the basis of all human society.

"It is rather like bathos to turn from that matter to the not very important controversy which his country and ours have had during the recent months. I only do so for the purpose of expressing my belief that the controversy is at an end. It is often surprising by what very obvious arrangements great difficulties are solved, and in the continent which Columbus discovered the tradition of Columbus and the egg should be reversed.

"In the discussion we have had with the United States on behalf of their friends in Venezuela, the question has not been whether there should be arbitration, but whether the arbitration should have unrestricted application. We have always claimed, respecting those who, apart from historic right, had the right which attaches to settled establishment, that the settled districts should be excluded from arbitration. Our difficulty for many months has been to find how to define the settled districts; and the solution has come, I think, from the country Mr. Bayard represents, in the suggestion that we should treat the colonial empire just as we treat individuals; that the same lapse of time which protects individuals in civic life from having their title questioned should also protect the English colony from having its title questioned; and where that lapse of time could not be claimed, though there should be an examination of the title, yet all that equity demanded in consideration of such title should be granted.

"It is a very simple solution, and I believe I am not using unduly sanguine words when I say that I believe it has brought the controversy to an end. It is a matter of no small satisfaction to the government at a time when anxious social questions which are of far more importance than political questions are troubling America, and therefore troubling the rest of the world, that we should remove from the board at all events any semblance of political difference which might hinder our common action in defense of the common heritage of society."

It must be consoling to the American people to know that the result of the recent election has won the unstinted applause of their very dear friend, the British Tory premier—the same Cecil who was an ardent supporter of secession, while he was a member of the house of commons, and who subscribed largely to the Confederate loan. His applause must, indeed, be grateful to Major McKinley, who, up to the moment of Salisbury's declaration, was supposed to be the bete noir of Englishmen in American politics. How different the tune of this British mastiff will be when the President-elect signs the next high tariff bill!

But Salisbury assures the American people that the Venezuelan matter is not a very serious question, and acknowledges that a suggestion from the American State department has shown him a way out of the difficulty. How very sweet and kind and brotherly! How much the world is "all one" after one part of the world shows its teeth to another part, and feels that it would not be good medicine to bite!

Thus, the Venezuelan question may be regarded as settled by American suggestion. The Monroe doctrine is vindicated over the remains of slaughtered municipal viands, and, according to Tom Bayard, who ought to know, we are now all "ladies and gentlemen." If he had said "old ladies and gentlemen," it might have been difficult to say to which sex Tom belongs.

THE IRISH IN THE CIVIL WAR.

The San Francisco Call, of recent date, gives the following statement in regard to the nationalities of the Union army of the Civil war:

"The number of soldiers who served in the Union arm during the war of the rebellion was 2,018,200. Of this number 1,523,300, or 75.48 per cent, were natives of the United States; 176,800 or 8.76 per cent were Germans; 144,200 or 7.14 per cent were Irish; 53,300 or 2.64 per cent were British-Americans; 48,400 or 2.38 per cent were foreigners not classified; 45,500 or 2.26 per cent were English, while 26,500 or 1.33 per cent were put down as foreigners, nationality not stated. The above figures are from records at the office of the military department at Washington."

In contemplating the foregoing figures, it must be borne in mind that a very large percentage of those designated British-Americans were, in reality, Irish who, after leaving their own country, had temporarily settled in Great Britain or in the colonies. Besides, the immediate descendants of Irish immigrants, such as Philip H. Sheridan and John A. Logan, made a large showing in the war, and many of the so-called American regiments were largely made up of men with purely Celtic names. Gen. Nelson A. Miles said in a speech delivered in this city a few years ago, that, at least, 30,000 Irishmen were serving at one time in the Army of the Potomac alone. The badge of the Second Corps, in which the general served throughout the war, was a trefoil or shamrock, chosen, no doubt, in compliment to the Irish element which swelled its ranks. Meagher's heroic brigade; the 42d Tammany, the 37th Irish Rifles, of New York, and Cass' splendid Irish Ninth, of Massachusetts, also belonged to it.

Father Corby, in his Memoirs of Chaplain Life in the Army, says that, at Chancellorsville, when the 11th corps was in full retreat, Meagher's Irish brigade, while marching rapidly to the front, was enthusiastically cheered by the other corps of the army, such was the respect and admiration in which that glorious command was held.

But, even if the soldiers of Irish birth were only 144,000 in the Union army that, of itself, was a splendid showing, falling but little below the Germans, who far outnumbered them as an element of the population, and, certainly, their record in battle was second to that of no other element, native or foreign, in the annals of the war.

HORRID IRISH EVICTIONS.

We give a few specimen Irish eviction scenes in another column. People who stand that kind of thing are abandoned by God, who hates cowards. The Irish tenants ought to die in their tracks, like men, fighting for their women and infants; first, however, burying their pitchforks to the hilts in the peelers, the emergency men and the landlords' and devil's agents. God, certainly, must have abandoned Ireland when such cruelties can be practised with impunity on her people. Why, the Turk in Armenia is an angel compared with the Englishman in Ireland.

WABASH AVENUE THREATENED WITH AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

The greed of city railway corporations is proverbial. Nothing is sacred to them. Their covetousness is greater than the lust of conquest. They have little or no faith in official virtue. With them every man has his price, for, alas, they have dealt since their beginning with a class of persons who have rarely fought against their golden seductions. They are about to spoil Thirty-fifth boulevard by placing thereon a trolley line, which will imperil the lives of thousands, and damage property on the northern portion of Grand boulevard to a very large extent. In compensation for this infliction, Thirty-third street, it is said, is to be boulevarded, and the connecting link with Grand will be either South Park or Calumet avenue—mayhap both. In any case, the arrangement will not be nearly as satisfactory as the existing one, nor will the establishment of a trolley line benefit business on Thirty-fifth street as it is pretended it will. On the contrary, it is more likely to damage it, for traffic shuns as much as possible thoroughfares dominated by the deadly trolley. Bicyclers, who now give a great deal of trade to Thirty-fifth street, will shun it as if it were the home of a plague, and in no sense whatever can the threatened street thrive because of the establishment of an electrical Juggernaut on its surface.

The latest prominent thoroughfare marked for the sacrifice is Wabash avenue south of Twenty-second street. Two railway corporations are trying their utmost to get right of way on that avenue. That portion of Wabash, as every Chicagoan knows, is residence property, and some very beautiful churches are also built upon it—among them the Catholic churches of St. James and St. Elizabeth—both of them splendid edifices, with a large amount of improved church property, schools, parochial residences, convents, etc., in their immediate neighborhood. Naturally, the respected pastors of these churches, the Rev. Fathers McGuire and Riordan, are indignant at the attempt now being actively made to depreciate the work of so many laborious years. Nearly seven thousand school children attend the parochial educational institutions along Wabash avenue, and the lives of many of these will be seriously imperilled by the establishment of a trolley line. Hence it will be fought to the bitter end, especially as property holders of all creeds are zealously seconding the fight of the clergy against the proposed invasion.

A mass meeting of the parishioners of St. James' was held in the chapel last Monday evening. It was called to order by Father McGuire, who stated its object, and dwelt at length on the evils that would result if a trolley line were established. It would, in a great measure, undo the work of forty years, for that period had elapsed since St. James' parish was organized. Mr. P. H. Rice was called to the chair and Mr. W. J. Bulger was installed as secretary. Both gentlemen sustained the views of Father McGuire. Remarks in the same spirit were made by Messrs. Linneen, White, Murphy, Hickey, Finerty and others. It was finally resolved that a remonstrance be drawn up by Father McGuire, assisted by a committee of prominent parishioners, and that the same be presented to the city council without delay. It was also decided to invite the aldermen representing the third, fourth and fifth wards, into all of which St. James' parish extends, to attend the next meeting, which is subject to the call of the pastor.

It is quite evident that the public at large have very little faith in the city council as a body. The name of alderman is generally mentioned with a sneer, and not without good reason in most cases. It is an unfortunate, but indisputable, fact that aldermen are seldom or never found fighting corporations. The inference is obvious. At least one alderman, who has been repeatedly charged in the daily press with being a representative of corporate power, is now engaged in seeking for higher honors. He was not at the meeting held at St. James' church nor, as we understand, at the subsequent meeting of Wabash avenue property holders held at the De LaSalle Institute. The people have their eyes fixed on this alderman among others. An election is to occur in the spring, and then the voters will have a chance to show how they feel on the subject—unless, indeed, the senatorial toga should, meanwhile, cover a multitude of aldermanic sins.

We are watching and waiting for that shower of gold.

If Billy Mason wants to be elected Senator he must pull a long face and confine himself to vinegar as a beverage. "Brilliancy" is fatal to political preferment. The world prefers a dung beetle to a fire-fly.

A new company is being formed in the Seventh Regiment, I. N. G., to take the place of Co. K, lately disbanded. A meeting is held every Friday evening at the Armory. Applications will be received by Maj. Meehan, and candidates for enlistment must be at least 5 feet 7 inches high and 21 years of age.

The Tribune is building a boom with Mason, while the people are Maddened by the Inter-Ocean. Meanwhile Smyth smites the political anvil mightily, and he may make the best Hitt after all.

Of all men mentioned for Senator thus far, John M. Smyth, William E. Mason and Robert R. Hitt are the most eligible for the office—Smyth because he is a man of affairs, both in business and politics; Mason because he is a good speaker and a hard worker, and Hitt because he has had long and large experience in public life.

BRILILANT WEDDING.

That of Miss Charlotte Irene Cooke to Dr. P. H. Welch at St. James' Catholic Church—Post Nuptial Reception at the Residence of the Bride's Parents.

The marriage of Miss Charlotte Irene Cooke, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cooke, of 2976 Michigan avenue, to Dr. P. H. Welch took place Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock at St. James' Roman Catholic Church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Hugh McGuire, assisted by Rev. Fr. Riley, of Lake Geneva, and Rev. Thos. Mackin, of Rock Island, during nuptial high mass. Charlotte Cooke, the little niece of the bride, was maid of honor, and Miss Anna Flood, Miss Nellie Lydon, Miss Josephine Fortune, Miss Marie Smyth and Miss Agnes Lynch were bridesmaids. Jennette Carey was flower girl and John Cooke, Harold Welch and Charles Cooke were pages.

The bride wore a high-cut gown of white satin and chiffon, with a full veil of tulle held in place by diamond ornaments. Her nosegay was of bride roses. The little maid of honor wore white mousseline de soie over white taffeta and carried lilies of the valley. Three of the bridemaids wore skirts of pink and white striped taffeta, and three wore skirts of green and white, with corsages of white chiffon, all carrying bridemaid roses. Dr. Thomas Welch, brother of the groom, was best man, and Mr. John R. Cooke, Mr. Thomas F. Keeley, Mr. William Lydon, Mr. William Young, Mr. Thomas Wade and Mr. Daniel Gallagher were ushers. The spacious church was thronged to its utmost capacity by the friends of the happy pair. In the sanctuary were seated the Rev. Fathers Muldoon, Reynolds, Maloney, Henneberry and other clergymen. The altar steps were decorated with magnificent palms and the altar itself with white chrysanthemums. The singing at the nuptial mass was superb.

The decorations at both the church and the house were green and white. At 12 o'clock a wedding breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's parents to a party of sixty, at small tables, by Smiley. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Cooke held a large reception from 8 until 11 o'clock, to which more than a thousand invitations had been sent out. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. Charles F. Cooke and Mrs. George J. Cooke.

Dr. and Mrs. Welch went to California on their wedding journey. On their return they will live at 2976 Michigan avenue, where they will hold a reception on the evening of Jan. 28.

Among those present at the evening reception were Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Rend, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crane, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Henneberry, Mr. and Mrs. C. Whitegreave, Mr. and Mrs. J. Crimmins, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Newton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Kerwin, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gahan, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Weadley, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cudahy, Mr. and Mrs. John Fortune, Mr. and Mrs. John Cudahy, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hynes, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gannon, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Detmer, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Flood, Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Moran, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dunne, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Smyth, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Malley, Hon. Richard Prendergast, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. T. Cochrane, Thomas Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Murphy, the Misses Weadley, Miss Sharkey, Dr. and Mrs. McDonald, Miss Callaghan, Mrs. B. Callaghan, Mrs. Kelley, Miss M. Nash, Mrs. Lydon, Mrs. D. Quirk, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Neary, Mr. and Miss Heany, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Linneen, Miss Linneen, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bulger, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Lynch, Miss Lynch, Daniel J. Gallery, the Misses Gallery, Miss Kerwin, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Corboy, Mr. and Mrs. M. Benner, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Traynor, Mr. and Mrs. E. Baggot, M. W. Murphy, Miss Synon, Peter Fortune, Mr. and Mrs. Carney, Mr. Carey, Dr. and Mrs. Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wade, the Misses Wade, Mr. and Mrs. P. O'Callaghan, Mr. and Mrs. P. K. Bowen, Capt. and Mrs. M. Hayes and the Misses Hayes, Mr. Hickey and the Misses Hickey, Eugene M. Keeley, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Deveney, Mrs. Peter Smith, Mr. McShane, Mr. Schaub, Mr. Clowry, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Baggot, Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Gannon, Mrs. T. F. Croke, Mr. and Mrs. James Conlon, Mr. and Mrs. Carey, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Dillon, Charles Cavanagh, Miss Cavanagh, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Crennan, the Misses Walsh, Miss O'Hara, J. J. Moore, Capt. Thomas Brenan, Capt. James E. Bourke, William Fogarty, P. McHugh, James Clare, E. J. Kinsella, J. E. Kinsella, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Finerty and hundreds of others.

NORTH SIDE HIBERNIANS.

This evening (Saturday Nov. 14) the members of Div. 8 will give their third annual ball at Brand's hall, North Clark and Erie streets, and the indications are that the event will be a fitting reward to the arrangement committee, and the members in general, for their untiring efforts devoted to this end during the past two weeks. Nothing will be left undone to insure absolute satisfaction for all present, and it is hoped that the ball will win for Div. 8 many new members, as well as friends and patrons for future undertakings of a like nature. At the regular semi-monthly meeting held on last Saturday night, President P. J. O'Sullivan candidly and tersely told the members that he relied on every member to perform his duty as a Hibernian on Saturday night, and asked each and every member to feel it incumbent on himself to practically cooperate with the members of the various committees, and direct every effort towards making the ball creditable to its promoters, and a source of pleasure and enjoyment to our friends who join with us this evening.

Last Sunday's county board meeting was of a nature that was most pleasing—not that previous ones have been unpleasant or devoid of good work. Far from it. But last Sunday's meeting was characterized more by logical discussions on subjects of present-day importance, and totally bereft of those oratorical harangues and debates about trifling technicalities that too often characterize similar meetings, and consume valuable time that could easily be expended to better advantage. It is indeed ardently hoped that the officers of the various divisions represented at Sunday's meeting will take the lessons to heart, and each individual constitute himself as a committee of one to see that the many good suggestions and practical remedies proposed by wise and experienced heads for the promotion of our material welfare be carried into effect at all opportune moments.

Perhaps no feature of Sunday's proceedings is so important, or deserving of more minute attention, than the reference of the county president, in his report, to the election of officers. If there is any possibility of undermining the status of a good division, of alienating the active co-operation of members, of destroying the enthusiasm of good, earnest workers, of preventing new members from joining and of lowering the high standing of our good order it is by the election of incompetent, incapable, listless or unworthy officers. To the officers the members naturally look for counsel and example: and it is but fair to assume that other divisions will regard the officers as a criterion by which to judge the general working and the actual stability of the division itself. The wisdom of selecting officers fitted for their respective positions, both from a standpoint of ability, mental aptness and proper opportunity of attending to the office, is something that cannot be too often referred to. We have only to attend a meeting of a division to ascertain how solid are the pillars of its structure—the officers. Then you can easily perceive if the president is worthy of his position. Has he that judgment, that wisdom, that spirit of forbearance and coolness in critical moments, that self-possession under unfavorable circumstances, that large-mindedness which always yields to the majority rule? Is he the kindly adviser and the seat of confidence of every member of his division? Has he a proper appreciation of his office and position, and does he command the respect and good will of his members to the extent that the dignity of his office entitles and justifies him? Are the secretaries prompt and accurate in their respective reports and records? Are they punctual in complying with their duties concerning the county and state secretaries? Is your treasurer anxious to have a balance in your favor at all times, so as to be prepared for emergencies in the case of illness or death in your ranks? Is he truly worthy of your confidence, and does he prove by his efforts that his interest in the Order ever keeps him on the alert to be in a position to care for the brother who may be stricken down with illness?

If there is a division that can give an affirmative reply to every question given above—and I hope every division in the state can—then I hope there will be a unanimous re-election of officers. But if, on the other hand, there is a division in our Order that has an unworthy or incompetent officer, then that division, in justice to itself and to the A. O. H., should remove that officer at the election in December. Don't let personality of any member turn you from your duty. Don't elect the "office-seeker." Shun the member who wants the office; shun him who canvasses openly or privately for office, if you know it. Shun him who poses as a "good fellow," and presses his "good nature" on you, and above all, shun him whom you know from experience is unfit or unworthy from any cause to be an officeholder, shun him as you would a plague. Be guided by your conscience, your judgment and your earnestness in the cause of Hibernianism, and you will be doing your duty truly, and be doing the most effective good work in your power for the A. O. H. I hope there is not an officer on our roll today who is not worthy of his position. Let the members not propose nor elect anyone unworthy or incapable for the coming year. Select those whom you know have the abilities necessary to perform the duties attached to the respective positions, and the opportunities also. There are enough "tried and true" brothers in our ranks to give us proper officers. It remains with the members to elect them. I sincerely trust they will do so, and then it can be said that another year of progress and brightness opens up to us; that we can prophesy great things for our divisions with good assurance of seeing them realized; and, above all, it can truly be said "we have done our duty."

J. J. S.

THE EVICTION SEASON.

Arran Island Tenants Turned Out by Their Landlords.

On Oct. 29 the sheriff's representative, with a posse of police under the command of District Inspector Tweedy, arrived at Arran Island by the steamer Duras, to carry out evictions at the suit of Elizabeth Frances Digby, of Sandestown, county Kildare; Lady Henrietta Guinness, of Ballard Combe, Kingston-on-Trent, England, and Lady Geraldine Digby St. Laurence, of the same place. Immediately after the arrival of the steamer a terrible hurricane burst over the islands, and one of the fishing-smacks moored near the Kilronan pier, owing to the insufficient shelter of the small pier, was driven by the violence of the gale on the rocks near Killeaney village, where all thought she must become a total wreck. This disaster was owing to the want of sufficient harbor accommodation, a want which has been long sorely felt, as the fishing industry has been growing here, and so has other traffic. The piers and harbors commissions fully recognized the fact when, in 1883, they allocated £15,000 for a new pier to supplant the present defective structure. Owing to a mishap this sum was lost to Arran, and the islanders and Arklow fleet, which come here for the spring mackerel-fishing, are in consequence the sufferers. The police, being unable, because of the violence of the gale, to proceed with the eviction campaign, assisted in rescuing the boat from her perilous position.

Early the next morning, however, they started with bailiffs and other landlord myrmidons for the scene of the eviction operations. A gale of wind and heavy downpour of rain overcame them on the way, and they had to rest for more than an hour under the stone walls four miles away from Kilronin. They then proceeded to the village of Gurtnagopple to evict Martin McDonagh, who was decreed on last October sessions in Galway for three and a half years' rent. Poor McDonagh, who has eight in family, was unable to meet the landlord's demand. His wife is an epileptic for the last thirty years. Last year his cattle died, and a fine mare worth £20 broke her leg in one of the crevices of the rocks of which McDonagh's holding mainly consists. When the emergencymen commenced throwing out the furniture poor Mrs. McDonagh was seized with one of those painful fits, falling prostrate on the floor. The relieving officer called in the priest to attend her. After a time she recovered, and to avoid a recurrence of the awful scene the priest suggested a settlement, McDonagh paying £3, his all, and the parish priest going security for the balance, £4, to be paid next Christmas. The evicting party then proceeded to the village of Creggakapeen, where the inhabitants are extremely poor. Here they evicted John Conneely, who owed £20, five and a half years' rent. His case is most pitiable, as he lost his young wife last year, and he has three feeble orphans and aged parents to tend to and support. The helpless family, the youngest of whom is only 2 years, were turned out, with all their effects, under the pelting rain, and at night they had no other shelter than the canopy of heaven.

The party next went to Michael Mullen and Patrick Powell, co-tenants, who owed 21s 2d, one year's rent. Powell has seven in family, the youngest being an infant in the cradle. Being a poor man and his crops having perished by the heavy rain of September and October, he was unable to pay anything, and so his house was soon cleared by the emergencymen. It was heartrending to witness the tears of the mother when she saw the cradle and infant turned out under the rain and storm. The relieving officer begged hard for their readmittance, but Mr. Clark, the landlord's representative, was inexorable, and so the parents and weak children had no other abode than an impoverished shake down under their furniture in the damp street. Mullen, their cotenant, fared a little better, for though his effects were thrown out and the door locked up, he was re-admitted through the intervention of the parish priest on the payment of £4, part of which he borrowed from his recently-married daughter. The houses of Patrick McDonagh and Patrick Derrane were next visited. McDonagh owed three and a half years' rent. He has ten in family, with no visible means but a goat and an ass, his only means of support. His potato crop has rotted. As his wife is bedridden he was allowed to remain as caretaker. Derrane's is still a worse case. His mother is a cripple, and his weak children, who lately lost their mother, are now stricken down with the croup. He has no visible means and was allowed in as caretaker. The evictions are eminently cruel, as the tenants have made whatever land there is by their own toil, covering the barren rocks with sand and seaweed carried from the shore. The valuation of Arran is £1,606, its rental £2,600. The campaign for the day being ended, the police and evicting party returned to Kilronan. In a few days the "devil's work" is to reopen, the scene being the Middle Island, where three families are marked out for eviction.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

For The Citizen.

THE IMPRISONED PATRIOTS' RELEASE

Roll back thy gates, O prison! the blood-stained wickets ope!
Restore him back to light and life, to liberty and hope—
To life and light—to friends and home,
O give him back again—
That crimeless man, that patriot true, his life without a stain,
He only hated tyrants, the things accursed of God—
His only crime, resistance to the sons of spoil and fraud!

Roll back thy gates, O prison! thy blood-stained wickets draw—
And let the sunshine light again the victim of the law—
The law that makes it criminal to breathe a patriots's prayer—
The law that dooms a patriot to prison and despair;
The hell-framed code of despots—the scaffold and the grave
For patriot men who raise an arm their native land to save.

Fair Erin, how he loved thee! detested all thy foes—
Preferred thy modest shamrock to England's glaring rose—
Loved the green vales his father loved, the groves, the dales, the rills,
The daisy on the emerald sod, the heather on the hills;
Proudly he loved thee, mother land—lake, river, sea and sky,
Proudly for thee to live and fight—gladly for thee to die!

Base England, how he hated thee—that patriot true and brave—
Oppression's blood-stained handmaid Where'er thy flag may wave,
The bloated monster of the world, with impudence sublime,
The blighting mildew of the earth, the queen of lust and crime,
Why should he love thee, England, foul conjuror of sin?
The oppressor of his native land—the murderor of his kin!

Love thee, O never, England! what, love the hell-crown'd brood
That slew the infant in the crib and drenched the land in blood,
That came with lighted torch and sword—loosed bloodhounds on our shore—
The flaming homes, the massacres, the cities sacked of yore—
You gave us justice with the sword, false heart and bloody hand,
Your murderers and your plunderers robbed all the tortured land.

Great God of nations, truth and right, my soul appeals to thee—
For my dear mother country, once disenthralled and free!
How many years of torture more shall suffering Ireland know,
Of blood and tears and cruelty, 'neath her relentless foe?
Give her one breath of liberty! one grasp of freedom's rein;
And all the tyrants of the world cannot enslave again.

CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

On Friday evening, Nov. 27, the second annual meeting of the Irish-American Lyceum will be held at Oxford (formerly Unity) hall, No. 77 Thirty-first street. A full attendance of members is earnestly requested; as, in addition to the regular musical and literary programme, the annual election of officers will take place. The number of admission tickets, which are issued free, is limited, and parties desirous of attending should apply early for tickets to T. J. Sherlock, Secretary, No. 191 Dearborn avenue. Meetings open at 8:30 o'clock sharp, and members should be in attendance promptly.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Tomorrow (Sunday) the Celts and Scots will test each others' mettle at football. The game will take place at the Gaelic grounds, Ogden avenue and Rockwell street, and will be played under the rules of the Scotch association. The Caledonians will be represented by the Thistles, who have carried off the championship of their association for the past five or six years, and a picked team for the Gaelic Athletic association will do battle for the land of the triple leaf. The Irish team will be composed of the following: Favier, Naughton, Roche, O'Connell, Myles, Burke, Hall, Kearney, Hanley, Dillon, Ahearn, Donegan, Durkin, Walsh and Loftus. The foregoing are experts at the Gaelic rules, and if they play the Scotch game without committing fouls, the hardy representatives of the land of the heather will meet in them sturdy opponents. The game will certainly be well contested, and all lovers of the manly sport will be well compensated by visiting the grounds tomorrow. On Sunday, Nov. 22, a second contest will take place, when the game will be played under the rules of the Gaelic association.

CALIFORNIA.

If you are going there by all means inquire about the Burlington Route Personally Conducted Excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles, which leave Chicago every Wednesday with a Pullman Palace Tourist car through to destination. The route is via Denver, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway (scenic line) and Salt Lake City. The cars are fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, blankets, bed linen, berth curtains, toilet rooms, heat and light, and, in fact, all the conveniences of a standard Pullman Palace car; they lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullmans run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third of the price.

Write for full particulars to T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager, C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

BRAVE MICHAEL BARRETT.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

abandoned, will despise him. The very parties who now smile upon him and have recourse to him will spurn him. A thousand times more welcome is death to a criminal convicted of the highest crime, than life and so-called liberty at the sacrifice of everything that tends to elevate the human being and renders him worthy the name of man.

With reference to the explosion I will just say a few words. It is useless for me to enter into protestations of innocence, being fully aware that no declarations of mine will have the slightest tendency to prevent your lordship from following the course you have determined upon. But this I can and will most solemnly declare: there is no one who more deeply commiserates the sufferers from that explosion, or more earnestly deplores the fatal consequences. No; I am not one to rejoice over misery, or find pleasure in the sufferings of my fellow-creatures, the statement of Mullany even to the contrary. Even him I can forgive, though his sufferings may not be so great as he deserves. I would wish to correct an inference that has been made here that I was in London at the time of the explosion. There never was a greater mistake than to give me credit for such an undertaking as that explosion. It was utterly absurd to suppose so, being, as I am, a total stranger to acts of daring, and if it be attributed to the Fenian organization, then it becomes more ridiculously absurd. In the city of London, according to Sir Richard Mayne and the Pall Mall Gazette, there are ten thousand armed Fenians, and that they should have to send to Glasgow to do this work, and there to select a person of no higher condition and no greater abilities than the humble person who now addresses your lordship, is a stretch of imagination which the disordered minds of the affrighted officials could alone be capable of entertaining. It was asked why I did not bring up my master and my lodging-house keeper. I gave the police at Glasgow my late master's name, with whom I had been working for years. The police went and found the place, but that they carefully avoided to publish. It was urged, if I could have established my innocence, why did I not bring them to the police court? My solicitor applied for the means to bring them from Glasgow, and he was denied. I am far from denying, nor will the force of circumstances compel me to deny, my love of my native land. I love my country, and, if it be murderous to love Ireland dearer than I do my life, then it is true that I am a murderer. If my life were ten times dearer than it is, and if I could by every means redress the wrongs of that persecuted land by the sacrifice of my life, I would willingly and gladly do so.

As your lordship has said, I will now turn my attention to that other land, where the injustice of selfish mortal can not follow me—where man has no longer the power to persecute his fellow-man, and where might no longer triumphs over right. I will not speak of the evidence against me—my feelings will not permit me to dwell upon it. If there were one thing more than another required to complete the degradation of Irishmen, it is what has happened in this court. An Irishman's oath will no longer be admitted in a court of justice where the life of a fellow-creature is at stake. This is, indeed, a crowning indignity and a crushing humiliation. But I will not dwell upon this part of the proceedings. (The prisoner here paused, as if endeavoring to master his feelings.)

The Lord Chief Justice—Have you aught else to say?

Barrett—A few words more, and I have done. As I have already said, I will now seek that other land, where I trust to obtain justice. As I hope to obtain pardon and forgiveness from the next Judge before whom I shall have to appear, and before whom we must all sooner or later one day appear—judges and juries as well as criminals—to render an account of every action we have done, as I hope to obtain mercy and salvation from the Eternal Father, and a place in that mansion where joy is interminable and suffering is unknown, even there I will remember the miseries of poor, unfortunate Ireland. Before that throne where the prayer of the peasant is received equally with that of the prince, I will pray for the redemption of that unfortunate country, and I here express it as my most fervent wish that her children will never cease to attempt to shake off that yoke which has so long depraved and degraded them, until the freedom of that country or the extinction of their race shall be complete. I want no petitions and no demonstrations to have my life spared. No; never again will I go forth with the brand of Cain upon me. Let no man insult me with the belief that I desire existence with that infamy. Let me go to the scaffold and the grave, and there I shall find that justice which here I have been denied. I have already trespassed on the time of the court further than I intended. I now thank your lordship for the kind and indulgent manner in which you have listened to me. I have also to thank my talented counsel for the manner in which he has defended me, and I must give my sincere thanks to Mr. Lewis for the part he has taken in my defense. It may appear hard when thus called upon so soon to part with life; but since it is the will of God so to call me, I will meet death without a murmur, and as He in His all-wise way directs all things for the best, I venture to hope that it will please God to turn even the sacrifice of my poor, worthless life to the account of my poor suffering country. I shall now ascend the scaffold, strengthened by the consolatory reflection that the stain of murder does not rest upon me, and mingling with my prayers for my soul those for the regeneration of my native land. I have done!

Barrett heard his doom without flinching. Throughout the whole trial he had borne himself with heroism and fortitude, and his speech, logical and rhetorical, displayed talent of a very high order. It was spoken in a calm, firm voice, and his demeanor extorted even the admiration of his enemies.

He met his death with the proud heroism of his race. On Tuesday morning, May 26, 1868, he stood upon the scaffold to die. Calm and dignified he stepped on the fatal platform, with the same composed command of feature he displayed at the Old Bailey. A groan went up from the English mob beneath. The doomed man deliberately turned his back on the crowd. He gave one long look into the bright morning sky. The hangman drew the white cap over his face, the halter was adjusted, the bolt drawn, and the bravest man that ever died in Ireland's name was hurled into eternity.

Here is a description of the execution taken from the London Times: "Barrett mounted the steps with the most perfect firmness. To ascend a ladder with one's arms and hands closely pinioned would be at all times difficult, but to climb a ladder to go to certain death might try the nerves of the boldest. Barrett walked up coolly and boldly. His face was as white as marble, but still he bore himself with firmness, and his demeanor was as far removed from bravado as from fear. The hangman instantly put the cap over his face and the rope round his neck. Then Barrett, turning, spoke through his cap and asked for the rope to be altered, which the hangman did. In another moment Barrett was a dead man."

Barrett's execution was the last great tragedy of the old Fenian movement. To what feelings it stirred Irish hearts may be judged from the following poem, which we take from the Irishman of the period, and which was signed "Caviare"—the well-known pen-name of John Francis O'Donnell:

Fresh from the dungeon and the chains he came;
Leaped to the scaffold as a man became;
No blanched cheek and no craven eye were there,
Only the courage that defied despair,
That proud May morning.

With head majestic, slightly turned aside,
A man of men the hero-martyr died:
And when they plucked the white cloth from his face
There were the faithful eyes, the changeless grace,
That curst May morning.

What of him? There remained alone today
A grave unhonored, mingled bones and clay;
His requiem, the hangman's brutal laugh,
The jailer's heel-print for his epitaph,
This slow May morning.

Liars! the heart of Ireland ne'er forgives.
Liars! within that heart his glory lives,
Immutably divine and consecrate,
Part, portion, parcel of our bitter fate,
This fair May morning.

They slew him—be their doors with blood besprent—
They murdered him, yet knew him innocent;
And burying him, they buried with him too,
Hope of agreement held by me and you,
Till that May morning.

That hope is broken. By our common Faith,
We swear to wage the struggle to the death!
We shake no bloody hands—we vow to be
England's eternal, restless enemy,
This proud May morning.

Scaffolds and graves surround us—fear them not.
Better the martyr's than the helot's lot!
And, by the God who holds our race unchanged,
You, Michael Barrett, shall be yet avenged
Some red May morning!
—Irish Weekly Independent.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Fets Tighe Chonain Chinn Shleibhe Seun.

(LEANTA).

"Innesad féin sin duit, a Chonáin," ar Fionn. "Glasdioghuin mo chéad ainm, agus Giolla an Chuasain m'ainm 'nas dhiaigh sin; agus ag Tiobruid Chrithinne do leath-taoibh Sleibhe Smoil do rinneas mo chéad shnámh; agus an phrasiacha go n-a dá eun déag mo chéad chreach, ag Dun Baoi, ris a ráidhtear Dun an Bhrógha theas; agus is é fáth fó lingim léim na Bríce Bioighe gacha bliadhain: an chéad lá do agaras léim bhuime, cadhon, Bóghmhuin, mo-a marbhadh re Clanna Móirne, do ghlacas seseabrán slighe go ráinidh Luachair Deaghaidh thcas, agus ni raibh d'éadach umum acht tonair do chroiceannaibh fiadh agus fearbhóg; agus fós, do bhi ainm eile orm fá'n am sin, cadhon, Giolla na g-Croiceann; agus do chonnaire dá oireachtas ar dhá chárn chómh-árda os coinne a chéile, eadhon, oireachtas fiormhaiseach fear, agus oireachtas bláith-niamhdha ban, agus faill dhoimhin dhualbhseach athfhuathmhar, agus gleann saeo-ghaothmhar gráinc-amhail eatorra; agus tánag-sa chum oireachtais na m-ban, agus d'fhiafruighios diobh créad fath a rabhedar 'san g-comhdháil sin leath ar leath. D'innseadar dam gur ab é Séadna mac Cairrill mac Criomhthain, eadhon, mac righ Chiarraidhe Luachra, thug shruth seirce agus tuille tromghrádh do Dhonait Inghion Dháire, a Sith Dáire; agus gurab é coimhthe do shir air ah léim do thabhairt gacha bliadhain: agus an uair thig sé go bruach na faillie locann an léim air. D'fiafraidhessa an bh-faoifeadh sí ris an tí dó bhéara an léim? Adúbhairt sí nach faca sí son fhear riamh ba mheasa iorradh agus eudach ná mise, agus ni dhúbhairt sí olc rem' dheilbh, agus adúbhairt, dá d-tugainn an léim go bh-faoifeadh liom. Is ann sin thugasa bog-bheartugadh orm féin a meádhon na g-croiceann, agus do sgléchas an fhaill le mo chál, agus tánadh am chomh-ruathar raithe chum na faillie, gur lingeas do léim lán-lúthmhar eadar-bhualseach éadtrom tar an bh-faill a nán; agus do thugas an dara léim tar m'ais, agus do bhéaruinn i ni ba mhionca dá m-ba all liom féin. Is ann sin d'éirigh Donait dom' ionnsuidhe agus do radaidh a lámh fám' bhrághaid, agus do thoirbhir teora póg dham, agus do bhuain mo chroicinn diom, agus thug éadach mo dhíonghbhála dham, agus do thug d'á tigh féin me an oidhche sin: agus d'éirigheas go moch ar na mhárach, agus do nasg sist orm an léim do thabairt gacha bliadhain: gurab í sin ar cheist do chuiris orm a Chonáin," ar Fionn.

(*Translation*)

The Festivities at the House of Conan of Conna-Sleibhe.

"I will tell all those, O Conan," said Fionn. Glasdioghuin was my first name; I was afterwards known by the name of Giolla-an-Chuasain; it was in the fountain of Crithinn, by the side of Sliabh Smoil, that I first swam, the widgeon and her clutch of twelve young birds, which I captured at Dun Baoi, which is now called Dun-da-bhrugha in the south, was the first booty that I took. The reason why I am bound to make the leap of Brice Bioighe every year is this: The first day I separated from Boghmuin, my foster-mother, when she had been slain by the Clanna Moirne, I lost my way, and strayed to Luachair Deaghaidh in the south. I wore no other clothing at the time but a garment made of the skins of the deer and roebuck; and I was then called by another name also, that is Giolla-na-g-Croiceann. I saw two different assemblies met on two high cairns opposite each other: one was an assembly of comely men, and the other was composed of beautiful blooming women; there was a high terrific precipice on each side, and a windy, formidable valley between. I proceeded to the female assembly and inquired the reason why they assumed that separate position. They informed me that Seadna MacCairioll, son of Crimhthann, king of Kerry Luachra, was seized by a a current of affection and a torrent of deep love towards Donait, daughter of Daire of Sith Daire; and that the condition she required of him was to leap over the valley every year, but that when he came to the brink of the precipice he baulked the leap. I inquired if she would accept the hand of any other person who would perform the leap; she replied that she never saw a man who wore worse clothing than I did; but she found no fault with my personal appearance; and she said that if I would make the leap she would accept me. Thereupon, I tucked myself in the midst of my skins, then proceeding to the steep behind me, I took my race to the margin of the precipice, and sprang over in a truly swift scientific manner to the opposite side. I then made a second leap back, and could have leaped over it oftener, if I had chosen. Donait thereupon came to meet me; she threw her arms around my neck, and thrice kissed me. She stripped me of my skins, gave me fit clothing, and brought me to her house that night. As I arose early the next morning, she bound me under an obligation to perform that leap every year. So, Conan," said Fionn, "there is your question answered."

(LE BHEITH LEANTA).

IRELAND ALL THE TIME.

Air: "Ehren on the Rhine."

Come brim your glasses, boys, once more,
And take a toast from me;
The thought is in your bosoms' core,
I'll only set it free.
We know that many lands there are
With fairer skies than ours,
And sunny regions, richer far
In shining fruit and flowers:
But spacious lands or small,
Enchanting or sublime,
Here's love to Ireland first of all,
And Ireland all the time.

We know of nations great and grand,
Elate with power and pride,
With mighty armies on the land
And navies on the tide;
Their splendor, wealth and strength are seen
To all the world displayed,
While our discrowned but darling queen
Sits lowly in the shade.
But whatsoe'er their might,
Their glory or their grime,
Our dear delight, to soul and sight,
Is Ireland all the time.

Oh, changes yet will come and go;
There will be ups and downs,
And fortune's tide will ebb and flow
For sceptres, thrones and crowns.
We'll watch the chance again to raise
The land we all adore,
And make its fame and glory blaze
As in the days of yore.
So pledge, true Irishmen,
With many a clink and chime,
To Ireland now, and Ireland then,
And Ireland all the time.

T. D. S.

The Irish Language in Kerry.

Mr. Henry Dixon, Jr., who has been recently visiting county Kerry, writes from Waterville:

"Anything more deplorable than the position of the Irish cannot be realized unless by a visit to the remote country districts. I have come here around by Nenagh, Limerick—its outskirts—Slieve Kinaltha, Kenmare, Parknasilla and here. I have interviewed a clergyman, a monk, nuns, several school teachers, of male and female schools, and any quantity of ordinary folk, and after all this one would be tempted to wish that he could say something so bitter as to sting into action those who profess to support Irish but who appear to be so utterly indifferent as to effective remedies for its preservation. In all these miles I have met but one who held conversation in Irish. In Limerick it is not spoken, nor in Adare, nor in the mountains beyond Croom, nor in the district of Keeper. In the village of Sneem none of the children know it! Between Sneem and here, however, all the people speak it and use it, and in some of the districts make their children know it. One young woman whom I spoke to took pride in that effort. It was the only pleasant gleam in all the desert of despair. Her father spoke Irish only, and he and I conversed, with the daughter as interpreter. This was the one instance I referred to.

"When it is remembered that I am speaking of one of the most Irish-speaking districts the serious results can be estimated. Now we have regular train service to Kenmare—a good hotel in Parknasilla, a large one being built, this entire route being opened to tourists—what can the result be under the present system? Then, again, take Donegal. It is, too, being opened. So with Connemara. A rail now runs to Clifden and another to Belmullet. I am convinced of this, that if every teacher is not compelled to know Irish well and results fees given to all classes and their enthusiasm raised, fifteen years will see the language spoken only on the very ocean's fringe. To think of preserving it otherwise is simply madness. To persevere in preserving it otherwise than through the schools, and failing to treat this one point as of primary importance, is, by reason of its obstinacy, criminal. Yet this is what is being done. When the language goes to the fringe of the ocean a national government, earnestly resolved to use compulsion, can alone bring it back. Is a national government feasible in fifteen years? If it were feasible, with our experience of the education question, would they make it compulsory?"

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1867. 1896.

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OF THE

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CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 23, 1896.

PROGRAMME:

1. Opening Address by the Chairman of the evening.....Rev. M. O'Sullivan, of Lemont, Ill.
2. Song.....P. J. McGrath
3. Piano Solo.....Miss Nellie M. Gillen
4. Song.....W. F. Ryan
5. Reading Address of Irish Nationalists of Chicago.....James Maher
6. Song.....Miss Mae Flemming
7. Address by the Speaker of the evening.....Rev. George W. Pepper, of Cleveland, O.
8. Song.....Miss Annie Powers
9. Recitation.....M. W. Gleason
10. Song.....M. O'Connor
11. Closing Ode, "God Save Ireland".....

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For full particulars address George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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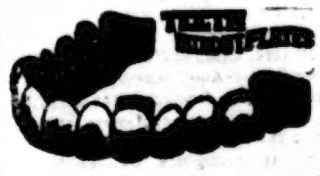

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ESTATE OF BARTHOLOMEW TOBIN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Bartholomew Tobin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1897, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 11, 1896.

ANNIE TOBIN,
Administratrix, with the will annexed.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Administratrix

ESTATE OF MARY TOBIN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary Tobin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1897, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 11, 1896.

ANNIE TOBIN, Executrix.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Executrix.

ESTATE OF CHARLES McCARTHY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Charles McCarthy, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1897, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 11, 1896.

LAWRENCE P. O'REILLY,
Administrator.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Administrator.

ESTATE OF MARY K. O'CONNELL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary K. O'Connell, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1897, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 5, 1896.

RICHARD O'CONNELL, Executor.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Executor.

ESTATE OF MARTIN KEATING, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Martin Keating, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of January, A. D. 1897, being the 4th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 5, 1896.

NORA KEATING, Administratrix.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Administratrix

CAPTIVE.

When in the dark of some despairing dream
Sorrow has all her will with me and ease
Is fell forgotten, through her dear degrees
Steals Music, beckoning with a hand supreme
For me to follow. Straight I see the gleam
Where the winds dip them in the far, bright seas
That roll and break upon the Hebrides;
I see white wings flash and hear the sea birds scream;
Or it may be in palace gardens falls
The moonlight on wide roses, where the swell
Of one great lover's heart in passion calls
To deeps in other hearts. And, listening, well
I know, while sink my slow dissolving walls,
So Music lured Eurydice from hell.
—Harriet Prescott Spofford in Century.

MAN AND SNAKE.

"This last little Indian scare reminds me of something that happened some 20 years ago," said the ranchman, flicking the ashes from his cigar. "I might call it the story of a modern Damon and Pythias but for the denouement, which, I warn you, is not a particularly joyful one. Still, if you fellows don't mind the tragic, here goes.

"About 20 years ago two young fellows, whom we'll call Tom and Jack, started out to seek their fortunes ranching in Arizona. The ranch fever was just then about at its height. England and Australia as well as our own east were sending out idiots in droves to the west. Young fellows, many of them well educated and of good birth and brought up to every luxury, simply went wild over the primitive freedom of that adventurous life until, with capital exhausted, downright hard work and privation inevitable, they came to wish—heaven knows how bitterly some of them wished it—that they had never exchanged the commonplace comforts of civilization for the intoxicating uncertainty of frontier life. These two youngsters, having a tidy bit of capital between them on coming of age, concluded to invest it in cattle and fixed upon Arizona as the most favorable spot for their financial experiment.

"In a surprisingly short time they had conquered every difficulty and made a good start. They built themselves a snug little house, were joint owners of quite a bunch of cattle and had several boys as helpers. They had always been the closest of chums, these two, born in the same town, schoolmates in boyhood, classmates at the university—you never knew two chaps more devoted.

"Tom was a big fellow, blond, with a ruddy skin, honest blue eyes and a laugh—well, I tell you it did a fellow good just to hear him roar in his hearty way when any one got off a joke.

"Jack was a little fellow, a bit delicate, not really equal to roughing it. He used to complain that Tom did the biggest share of the work, but Tom never would hear a word of that, and while they smoked before the rough stone fireplace in their one room of evenings to hear Tom refer to Jack's judgment and consult about business matters was to think Tom's little partner one of the biggest and cleverest business heads of the age.

"For some time there had been rumors of an Indian outbreak. The Apaches were getting restless, and already several small bands had stolen away from the reservation to hiding places in the mountains. There was, of course, a big scare, people leaving homes and property, especially where there were women and children to be considered.

"Tom and Jack talked it over and decided to stick to the ranch. To leave was to lose everything—the hard won result of months of toil—for, of course, if they deserted, the boys couldn't be expected to stay. There was a bare chance of things blowing over, and in any case watchfulness and systematic defense might save them if the worst did come.

"So the ranch was provisioned for a siege and fortified in every way. Adjacent outbuildings, which might through nearness to the main building become dangerous, were removed—everything, in short, which could insure safety when the critical moment arrived was anticipated and done.

"One day a cowboy from a neighboring ranch came riding in like mad, hat gone, blood streaming down his face.

"His tale was of the worst. His ranch had been attacked, the house burned, and every one killed but himself. He, although closely pursued, had succeeded in eluding the Apaches, who were, however, close behind him.

"Tom—he was naturally the leader—at once called in all the boys. Doors and windows were barricaded, last details of defense completed. The horses were brought inside to a place already prepared for them, so that if need be there would be means for attempted flight and possible escape. Every man had his station, some at the loopholes, some at the water casks, in readiness to put out the fires which would inevitably be started.

"It was not a long wait. In a very short time the ranch was surrounded by a large band of whooping devils, who evidently expected to find the house as unprotected as the one they had just destroyed, for, without a moment's pause, they made a wild rush toward it.

"They were met by a withering volley, with considerable loss, which, as a wholesome lesson, had its effect, but yet undoubtedly roused the Indians to a still greater pitch of frenzy.

"Three days went by, days of constant vigilance and steady fighting. The Apaches tried every dodge known to their mode of warfare without any success. Tom's really masterly line of defense and the plucky co-operation of the boys seemed to make it probable that they would be able to hold out until the arrival of the troops, who were known to be hot upon the trail of the Indians. The greatest danger to be feared was fire. Already the Apaches had made several attempts to fire the house by hurling burning brands against it, but the boys at the water casks had been too quick for them, while the aim of those at the loopholes was so deadly that none of the Indians had succeeded in getting near enough to really start a blaze which would be dangerous.

"Still, it was an anxious time. The days went by; the strain was beginning to tell on them all. Several of them were wounded, and suffering had made them lose heart. They had given up hope of the troops or of tiring out the Apaches. The Indian loss indeed had been so heavy that every one knew the price which would be exacted by savage revenge. Still, there was nothing to do but to hold on. The Apaches lay hidden, but if by chance any one showed himself at the ranch there was an instant rain of spattering bullets.

"To complicate matters, the water supply began to run alarmingly low. There was barely enough for the horses and men, none to spare for the lavish use demanded in putting out even a small blaze. The suspense was horrible. Tom saw that something would have to be done. That something was very suddenly precipitated by the Indians themselves.

"Creeping up as close to the house as possible, they made a series of rushes at the side least defended, and each time, despite the loss of one or two more of their number, succeeded in throwing a lot of brush up against the house. This was as dry as tinder, and a last well directed brand set fire to the heap.

"Water was at once thrown on the flames, but they were almost immediately beyond control.

" 'Boys,' said Tom, as the heat grew momentarily more intense, 'we can't die like rats in a hole. There's only one chance. We must cut our way through. The horses are here. We'll go out in a bunch. Some of us are sure to be dropped, but some of us may get through. It's our only hope. If we have to die, it'll be with our boots on and our guns in our hands.'

"The men answered with a ringing cheer. It was what they wanted—to die, if need be, with their boots on—die fighting.

" 'Jack,' said Tom, as he tightened his saddle girths and looked carefully at every strap, 'Jack, dear old boy, you and I go out together. We've done our best to save the ranch, but they've downed us at last. We'll show them what we're made of, though. Steady now, boys, until I say go!'

"No one faltered, even in that oven of crackling flame, although the exultant yells outside indicated only too plainly the welcome which awaited them. The wounded had been fastened to the saddles, the horses were ready—none too soon, for the animals were quivering with fear. The door was thrown open, the signal given, and with the well known wild cowboy yell they dashed out.

"Straight as a bullet, in a solid bunch, all yelling like demons, they rode for the Apaches. Taken by surprise, but only for a second, by the sight of the horses, the Indians rushed to their own ponies. Whoops and shots rang out, but close together the little band rode, Tom and Jack gallantly leading.

"To right and left they emptied their revolvers, while many a red devil bit the dust, and also, alas, many a saddle was emptied, until at last they were through—all that was left, that is.

" 'Hurray!' yelled Tom. 'Now for a race! They are after us, Jack. But never mind. We'll make straight for Seven Mile canyon. If we can only get through safe and sound, they'll never catch us, and then it's clear 30 miles to Dolores.'

"His gaze swept the ranks. Only five of them left, and that bloodthirsty pack in the rear! Even his splendid, buoyant spirit quailed for the moment.

"Then, as he looked at Jack—Jack game, but weakened by the siege, pale from excitement, blood stained, hardly human in appearance—his nerve came back. With set teeth he dashed on. Crack! One more empty saddle—another man gone. As they reached the canyon the last man tumbled—only Tom and Jack had survived the deadly hailstorm of lead. But, as Tom's unspoken prayer of gratitude for escape formed itself, Jack fell forward on the neck of his horse.

" 'My God! You're hit!'

" 'Never mind; don't stop,' and Jack clung to the pommel of his saddle for support. They were in the canyon now, threading its rocky labyrinth with cautious haste.

"Tom, with thankfulness, heard the distant shouts grow fainter. How horribly livid Jack's face was in the dim light.

" 'There's no use. We've got to stop,' he said, springing from his horse. 'Here, let me fix you up.' And as he spoke he bandaged the wound, a nasty one in the side.

" 'Hold on, Jack. You must hold on until we get through the canyon.' There was a savage light in Tom's eyes. 'Can't you manage it?'

" 'I'll try,' murmured Jack faintly, and as the sounds of pursuit again came nearer both men grimly urged their horses to a faster pace. Loss of blood was telling on Jack. Tom saw with anguish that he could barely keep his seat on the horse. Oh, for a chance to exert his strength for this weaker companion, his boyhood's, manhood's trusty comrade. To die on the field of battle was nothing, but to die cornered, trapped, perhaps tortured! God, it was too much!

"The canyon was nothing more than the bed of an old dried up stream, full of bowlders and loose stones. It was dangerous work dashing through at full speed, but there was no time to pick their way. They could only trust to luck.

"Suddenly Tom's horse came down with a crash. He had stepped into a hole and broken his leg. Luckily Tom was unhurt by the fall.

" 'Quick! Up behind me,' gasped Jack.

"The Indians were at the mouth of the canyon. They soon gained rapidly upon a wearied horse carrying double, and presently a shout announced their discovery of the prostrate horse.

"Tom's soul sickened within him. Safety only 60 miles away. Life, but life for both? Impossible.

"He had rapidly reviewed the situation as they traversed the last few hundred yards of the canyon. A jaded horse, a double burden, one wounded almost unto death, for Jack was already a dead weight in his arms, all the noble, chivalrous quality of Tom's strong nature asserted itself. Jumping from the saddle as they reached the entrance to the canyon, he rapidly unfastened Jack's cartridge belt, threw his rifle to the ground and wound his lariat with a few quick turns around the almost unconscious man, fastening him securely to the saddle.

" 'Jack, dear old chap, you go on. I'll hold them here.'

" 'No, no,' Jack struggled feebly, his tone was agonized. 'With me, Tom—or—die—together.'

" 'I've always been the boss, and I'm so still. Ride for Dolores and send back for me.' He threw his arms once around his friend in a tight embrace, and with one sharp cut of the rope started the horse off like a shot.

* * * * * *

"Waking days afterward in Dolores from the stupor of unconsciousness, Jack found himself tenderly cared for by some of the townspeople who knew him, but unable even then to explain what had occurred. Fever set in, and for several weeks he hovered between life and death, constantly raving in his delirium of Tom, calling for him, beseeching him not to stay behind.

"The Apaches had been driven back, but were not completely subdued. But as soon as Jack was able to tell his terrible story a rescuing party was organized and hurried to Seven Mile canyon with all the speed which was prudent.

"At first no trace of Tom could be found. Then, behind a rock was discovered a pile of cartridge shells, and finally, down in a little gully, the skeleton of a man lying face downward upon the ground, one end of a rope tied about the neck, the other attached to a stake driven deep into the ground. Alongside was a fairylike skeleton fastened by a thong of rawhide to the same stake.

"From these mute witnesses those familiar with Apache methods were able to imagine the awful fate which had overtaken poor Tom.

"This is what must have happened: Taking cover behind a rock, Tom held the Indians in check as long as possible by pegging away every time a redskin gave him the opportunity to make one of his dead shots. As his ammunition ran low they gathered in closer about him.

"To Tom—brave, heroic Tom—that mattered little. His aim was accomplished—Jack was safe on the road to Dolores.

"He must have been surprised and overpowered at the end, for he would certainly have reserved a last shot for himself rather than brave Indian torture. How they took him prisoner one does not know; but, having suffered such severe loss at the ranch and in the canyon, it is natural to suppose that the Apaches were wild with rage. Nothing could be too devilish a torture to inflict upon Tom.

"They tied his hands behind him, tied his feet, and taking him down into the sandy gully laid him on his face upon the ground, fastening him by a rope round his neck to the stake.

"In this part of Arizona rattlesnakes are more than numerous—they simply swarm. It was the work of a moment to catch a big snake by means of a loop of cord at the end of a pole and to tie him by a piece of rawhide through the tail to the same stake which imprisoned Tom.

"The snake, thinking itself free, tried to crawl away, found itself held by the rawhide, and, savage with anger, struck at the nearest thing, which was—poor Tom's face!

"But—mark the fiendishness of the torture—the snake could not quite reach Tom.

"The rope was just long enough to prevent the reptile from touching him, not long enough but that Tom must feel the agonized possibility of being bitten.

"Again and again the snake struck, but fell short. Poor Tom! Parched with thirst, hungry, baked by the sun, taunted by his captors, what must have been his thoughts! Did he not feel that friendship had cost him too dear?"

"My God, it's too awful to contemplate"—

"He must have been tempted to crawl near the snake and end it all.

"Finally the shower counted upon by the Apaches came. It refreshed both snake and man, but the effect of moisture upon the hempen rope was to shrink it.

"Can you understand? Can you see poor Tom, digging his toes into the sand, holding back with might and main as the pressure of the rope slowly brought him nearer and nearer to his fate.

"Upon the rawhide the rain had a different effect. It stretched it, lengthened it.

"The snake, feeling invigorated by the rain, again tried to crawl away. Again it was held back. Again angry and vindictive, it struck at Tom, this time a little nearer his face, and again closer, as Tom, despite his superhuman effort, was being pulled toward the stake by the shortening rope.

"At last the snake struck home.

"Can you imagine the awful agony, the lingering death, the bones—picked by the vultures. Brave, noble Tom, who died to save a friend! Bah! How this smoke gets into one's eyes."

* * * * * *

It was not smoke which troubled the ranchman's eyes. His cigar had long since gone out.

In the dead silence which followed, his thoughts, to judge by his expression, were far away.

"By Jove, that was a man," ejaculated the idiot. "Did you know Tom? Ach!" for just then the cowboy caught him a most beautiful kick on the shin.

"I," said the ranchman huskily, "I—was Jack."—New York Tribune.

SCALLOP INDUSTRY.

FACTS ABOUT A MOLLUSK NOT SO WELL KNOWN AS THE OYSTER.

How They Are Captured For the Market. Why Fishermen Persist In Soaking Them—Instructions as to the Correct Way to Cook Scallops.

Just before the last visitors leave the seaside places where scallops abound they see men cleaning down the large sloops and fishing boats, scraping the bottoms and overhauling sails and running rigging, and, if curious enough to ask the reason why, they are told that the scallop season commences on Oct. 1. This has been the date for years, with the exception of 1894, when the Massachusetts season was delayed until Nov. 1, owing to the growing scarcity of the mollusk and the change in the season, which gives warmer weather, as a rule, at the end of September and in October than was the case years ago. As a matter of fact, scallops, like celery, are not in their prime until the frost catches them.

The great bulk of the early scallops in the New York market come from Shelter island and Peconic bay, where visitors in summer may see them lying, shells and fish mingled, by hundreds of thousands in five feet of shoaling water. There are many more empty shells than full ones, say the fishermen, and this is proved to some extent if the visitors dredge for the handsome fan shaped shells to use in fancy work. They seldom get a shell with the meat still in it. Later on scallops come to this market from Buzzards bay, Monument beach, up to Wings Neck light, in Massachusetts, and still later the eastern supply arrives from Maine and New Hampshire.

The industry is not a very old one, it being about 25 years since it assumed large proportions. As in the case of oysters, people had scallops at their doors, but did not care to take the trouble to gather them to eat, much less try to market them. Four years ago the United States government evinced an interest in the industry and obtained statistics of receipts at the various markets for a term of years.

The scallops are taken from the water at the various points by dredging from the sides of sloops and smaller boats. The dredge consists of an iron frame holding about a bushel, with a coarse network of iron rings at the back, like an oyster dredge. It is drawn slowly over the scallop ground until it is filled. When the catch is hauled inboard, the culling process commences, and the refuse is thrown overboard. Some of the larger boats put out on a good day as many as seven dredges. A good day is estimated to produce about 30 bushels in the shell, and the 30 bushels in the shell will produce about 90 quarts for the market. The "eye" of the mollusk is the only part retained. Opening the shells in cold weather is bitter, hard work, and the men earn every cent they make. The shells are, however, fairly easy to open, and for this reason it is no uncommon thing for men who own skiffs to take their entire catch home, where their wives and children all turn out to help shell them. The shells have sharp edges, which make most of the men wear rubber finger cots. The knife used is of steel, with a blade an inch wide and nearly three times as long. A good opener can get through with 12 gallons a day, and the pay is 20 cents a gallon. The small scallops are thrown overboard.

It is practically impossible to get scallops in their natural state in the New York markets. They are all soaked before leaving the dredgers, the idea being to make them larger and whiter. By soaking three gallons of scallops they can be made to measure four gallons, but the effect of the process on the quality is another matter. Any visitor who has bought them at the grounds knows the difference between the soaked and the unsoaked. Directly the soaked scallops are cooked they flood the pan with water, and drive many a good housewife's soul into sin by chilling the fat in which she intended to cook them. Many a time will she dry them carefully, cracker dust and egg them, have the fat boiling and bubbling, only to drop them in and have them come out parboiled or parstewed. The failure is due to the water's being tried out of them.

The common way of cooking them is to fry them, with or without very thinly cut slivers of fine smoked bacon. To do this to perfection it is necessary to be rather careless about the matter, as too much care, strange to say, does not produce good results. Take the scallops, wash them well, and set them to drain in a colander for at least two hours, turning them around once in awhile. Then dry them by shaking in a cloth, pepper and salt freely, dust with flour, and just boost them into a pan of boiling fat. Do not try to drop them in singly—just push the panful in at once—but be sure the fat is very, very hot, with a good fire underneath. Serve on a very hot dish with very hot plate, and eat at once with wafer thin bread and butter. Fresh and properly cooked, they are delicious.

The scallop is a short lived mollusk, coming to maturity and dissolution in two years in its natural element and dying in two days when removed. Scallops are very uncertain in their movements, and the supply is therefore precarious, winds and tides or any changes of currents affecting their numbers strongly and sometimes entirely clearing them out of places where they have been very prolific. The American scallops are easily the finest in the world, although the fish has been known favorably for centuries, the larger Mediterranean variety having been worn centuries ago in the hats of pilgrims.—New York Sun.

A Natural Answer Too.

"And another thing, my little Dora must not keep asking questions."

"No, ma? What shall I ask, then?"—Ally Sloper.

CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS.

The Mongolians Who Live In New York Are a Fun Loving People.

The Chinese are a fun loving people in spite of their general air of indifference in the presence of strangers. They race up and down stairs or sometimes through the streets on a frolic, every man laughing until he is out of breath, pulling cues, stealing hats and playing all manner of practical jokes on one another. I recently heard a great commotion in Doyers street on a hot Sunday afternoon, when the street was crowded with Chinamen, and, fearing trouble, hurried hastily to the place, only to find one man the butt of another man's joke, trying to get away from his pursuer, while about 500 laughing men joined in the fun and finally administered good natured justice to the perpetrator of the joke. At another time on Sunday afternoon I heard a sudden outcry and scuffle overhead, and the running of scores of feet. I ran into the hall, fearing that the building was on fire, and with a sickening dread at my heart for the Italian children in Bethany Sunday school, which was then in session in the mission rooms. I saw a man coming down stairs and asked him what was the matter. With a shrug of infinite disdain, he remarked, "Oh, my people too muchee laugh," and passed on his way. It was only a schoolboy joke played by one group of men on another, followed by a general melee, in which shouts and laughter and the incessant clatter of wooden soles on board floors made us think of "pandemonium let loose."

Some of the keenest and purest humor and some of the wittiest sallies I have heard have fallen from the lips of Chinamen in lower New York. I well remember the amused and contemptuous look with which a Chinaman once said: "Melican man savee (understand) Chinaman allee same number one fool. Chinaman savee Melican man allee same. Chinaman every time gettee top side Melican man"—which does not contain a reference to pugilism, but merely means that in a battle of wits the Chinaman "sees through" the American man and will come out on the "top side." They are very quick at repartee, and their black eyes will sparkle with amusement and fun if you jest with them or when they start the ball rolling among themselves.

They dwell together for years in the same apartments, happy and comfortable. They minister to one another in sickness, bury a relative or neighbor when dead without calling on public charities for help, and in the case of a relative assume the support of the family of the dead man when he is gone. These people—these much derided people—spend hours together in one another's apartments, conversing together, eating together, sometimes smoking the long water pipe, always with a pot of steaming tea between them. In two years I have seen thousands of such groups, but never yet have I found these men drinking liquor together. I have found them playing games—sometimes, but not always, gambling—have found them playing their musical instruments, which are harmonious to them, however much they may lack of melody to other ears, or have found them reading or discussing the last Hongkong or Shanghai daily, but I repeat I have never found them drinking liquor or in any degree under the influence of intoxicants.

The Chinaman celebrates his wedding, not by a drunken carousal, but by the finest feast that his pocketbook can command, to which not only his immediate relatives are invited, but all who have the slightest claim of friendship upon him. A Chinaman who was recently married in Mott street gave three large feasts in as many restaurants, entertaining several hundred people at each before he had gone the round of his acquaintances and friends. Yet this man was not one of the most prosperous ones. A child's birthday is likewise celebrated with a feast, the wife entertaining her friends in the family home while her husband entertains his friends at his place of business or in a public restaurant.—"The Chinese of New York," by Helen F. Clark, in Century.

Parisian Restaurants.

Edward Connor, in a late issue of The Table of London, gives the history of some Parisian restaurants. In speaking of those of the lowest order, common in Paris 50 years ago, he mentions an establishment in the Rue de la Mortellerie, where the table was fastened to the floor by solid posts. The leaf was a long block of wood, in which holes were excavated and were lined with tin. Opposite each was a rustic stool for a seat. The patron upon taking his place had the hole in front of him filled with soup drawn from the boilers by means of a syringe arrangement. Before eating he was expected to pay. If he did not possess the wherewithal, the syringe was immediately brought into requisition, and the soup pumped back into the boilers. If the customer was able to respond with the needed coin, he was supplied with a hunk of bread. When the soup was consumed, the waiter threw into the hole in the table a lump of meat, which was eaten or not, according to the soundness of the patron's teeth. Viot Freres, in the Latin Quarter, kept the favorite resort of poor students. Six hundred dined there daily. They nicknamed the proprietors empoisonneurs—poisoners. A soup cost 3 sous. For 6 sous more one could have the choice of beef, fowl, cutlet, omelet or roast beef. A small carafe of wine was served at the cost of 3 sous. Desserts could not be had at any price. The waiter received a tip of 1 sou. There was no limit to the quantity of bread, and napkins were expected to do service for an entire week. The napkins were washed by being stretched out, wetted and rubbed with a fiber brush, then placed one upon other. When a sufficient number had been accumulated, boards were laid on top and the waiters danced thereon to extract the superfluous moisture.

Why Not?

He had some thoughts of proposing.

It was natural that his thoughts should take some such course, for her fortune was figured at something over $1,000,000, while his was figured at something less than $9.35 just at that moment, although he probably wouldn't have admitted it.

Then it was that the subject of conversation drifted round to engagement rings, and he mentioned that in some countries men wore them.

"And the strange feature of it all is," he said, "that the girls provide them."

"Yes?" she returned interrogatively.

"Oh, yes," he replied promptly. "I can show you extracts from books to prove it, in addition to referring you to people who know all about it themselves."

"What of it?" she asked somewhat coldly.

He was a trifle staggered by both the manner and the question, but he endeavored to make the best of it.

"Oh, nothing much," he answered, "only it doesn't seem exactly natural."

"Most natural thing in the world," she asserted.

"Aw, now, you don't really think that's exactly the proper thing, do you?" he asked, rather disconcerted.

"Why not?"

He made a hasty effort to collect his thoughts and then suggested that it seemed to be expecting too much of a girl.

"Such things seem to come more gracefully from the men," he said.

"Perhaps you're right," she answered, "but it's a mere trifle anyway, and I suppose we might as well get used to it. The bride has to furnish practically everything else for the modern fashionable wedding, including a dowry that's big enough for two, with additions later. She might as well furnish the ring too."

He didn't propose—not just then. He deemed it wise to give the matter further thought.—Exchange.

Puritan Housewives.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, in her "Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times," gives an account of the tribulations of Puritan housewives at that period. One extract, expressed in the quaint language of the period, will touch a sympathetic chord at the present day. It relates to experience with a domestic, told in the letter of a newly married woman to her mother. The writer acquaints her parent with the great affliction that presses upon her through the vicious conduct of a maid. When the latter first came to service, she, as is not unusual, aroused expectations that a treasure had been discovered. In a short time, however, she was revealed in her true light, and, according to the young bride, developed "such a head and is growen so insolent that her carriage toward us, and especially myself, is insufferable." If she be ordered to do a certain thing, she bids her mistress to do it herself. She delights in telling how well she can perform her duty if she is so minded, but will not through perversity.

The daughter recoils from repeating to her mother "all the reviling speeches and filthy language she has used toward me." The lady's husband, who is apparently a man of deep Christian convictions and bearing, comes to the rescue and endeavors to reason with the recalcitrant maid. He is assailed with a vocabulary unfit even for record in a private letter. He retires discomfited and seeks consolation presumably in prayer. A correspondent, who some four or five months ago engaged a kitchen maid in an isolated rural locality, encountered the same experience as the Puritan housewife of 150 years or more ago, although in this case the man of the house was not of a meek and lowly temper and brought the lightning rod almost to the melting point through the fervor of his language.

The Sultan Is Not the Caliph.

The Islamic world is divided into two great divisions—the Sunni Mohammedans, who occupy the Turkish empire, Marocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Tripoli, Afghanistan, Egypt and the Sudan, and the Khanates of central Asia and the Shiah Mohammedans, who occupy Persia and are scattered all over the Mohammedan world, some 5,000,000 of them being in India. By the doctrine of the latter the caliph must be a lineal descendant of the prophet. The Sunnis, on the other hand, do not insist on this, but it is an article of necessary faith in Sunni theology and law that the caliph must be an Arab of pure blood belonging to Mohammed's tribe. On this point there is absolutely no difference in the Mohammedan world, barring one or two insignificant sects out of the hundreds of sects into which Mohammedanism is divided.

One proof test is the Friday prayer. In no country out of Turkey is prayer offered up for the sultan of Turkey. To do so would be an act of sedition and treated as such. I would not give much for the life of the mollah who dared to offer up prayers for the sultan in any mosque in Afghanistan or Persia. The Arabs repudiate with scorn the idea of the sultan being caliph; nor, indeed, has he ever dared formally to appeal to the Mohammedan world in that character. He was never acknowledged as caliph in India, and if he publicly claimed the title formally, even in Constantinople, it is probable that he would find himself deposed by a fetva of the Sheikh ul Islam.—London Times.

Sowbeer.

All the Welsh counties swear by a drink called sowbeer. It is made from 14 different field herbs, is harmless, except for its sleepy effects, and resembles treacle more than anything. The Welsh villagers always smoke a thin cigarette of dried sage when they drink sowbeer. The stuff is too complicated a mixture for the villagers to brew, but in all the larger towns there are dealers who make it. The whole output is calculated at 800,000 gals. annually.

COSTERMONGER CARTS.

Oddities on Wheels Seen In the Streets of London.

All who pass along the thoroughfares of the metropolis, bestowing more than a cursory glance upon the many phases of its busy street life, must be struck with astonishment to observe the various modes of conveyance used by those who resort to the public thoroughfares for a livelihood. From the more provident costermonger's pony and donkey cart to the rusty old iron tray slung around the neck by the vender of blacking and down to the ragged little boy with his lucifer matches in the last remains of a willow hand basket or a cigar box, the shape and variety of the means resorted to by the costermongers and other street sellers for carrying about their goods are almost as manifold as the articles they vend.

The pony—or donkey—carts (and the latter is by far the more usual beast of draft) of the prosperous costermongers are of three kinds. The first is of an oblong shape, with a rail behind, upon which is placed a tray filled with bunches of greens, turnips, celery, etc., while other commodities are laid in the bed of the cart.

Another kind is the common square cart without springs, which is so constructed that the sides, as well as the front and back, will let down and form shelves whereon the stock may be arranged to advantage.

The third sort of pony cart is one of home manufacture, consisting of the framework of a body without sides, or front, or hind part. Sometimes a coster's barrow is formed into a donkey cart merely by fastening with cord two rough poles to the handles. All these several kinds of carts are used for the conveyance of either fruit, vegetables or fish; but besides these there is the salt vender's cart, with and without the tilt or covering, and a square piece of tin (stuck into a block of salt) on which is painted "Salt 3lb. a penny." Then there is the poultry cart, with the wild ducks and rabbits dangling at its sides, and with two uprights and a cross stick upon which are suspended birds, etc., slung across in couples.

The above conveyances are all of small dimensions, the barrow being generally about 5 feet long and 3 feet wide, while the carts are mostly about 4 feet square.

Every kind of harness is used. Some are well blacked and greased and glittering with brass, others are almost as gray with dust as the donkey itself. Some of the animals are gaudily caparisoned in an old carriage harness which fits like a man's coat on a boy's back, while the plated silver ornaments are pink, with the copper showing through. Others have rude traces and bellybands, and not a few indulge in old cotton handkerchiefs for pads.

The next conveyance (which, indeed, is the most general) is the costermonger's handbarrow. These are very light in their make, with springs terminating at the axle. Some have rails behind for the arrangement of their goods; others have not. Some have side rails, while others have only the framework. The shape of these barrows is oblong, and sloped from the hind part toward the front. The bottom of the bed is not boarded, but consists of narrow strips of wood nailed athwart and across.

When the coster is hawking his fish or vending his green stuff, he provides himself with a wooden tray, which is placed upon his barrow. Those who cannot afford a tray get some pieces of board and fasten them together, these answering their purpose as well. Pineapple and pineapple rock barrows are not infrequently seen with small, bright colored flags at the four corners fluttering in the wind.

Then there are the cat and dog's meat barrows. These, however, are merely common wheelbarrows, with a board in front and a ledge or shelf, formed by a piece of board nailed across the top of the barrow, to answer the purpose of a cutting board. Lastly, there is the hearthstone barrow piled up with hearthstone, Bath brick and lumps of whiting.—Spare Moments.

The Czar and the Reporters.

Some strange stories are afloat concerning the way in which certain special correspondents were treated at the coronation of the czar. The journalists who went to Moscow for the ceremony were supposed to have been treated with the greatest consideration and courtesy and to have had a good time generally, but as a matter of fact they were as closely watched as if they had been the most desperate criminals, and their lightest words were at once reported to the police authorities.

Several correspondents who in conversation chanced to remark upon the contrast between the barbaric splendor of the coronation festivities and the miserable condition of the Russian peasantry were handed their passports and given 48 hours in which to clear out of the country. Doubtless the representatives of one or two big English papers were treated well enough, but the rank and file of the fourth estate were harassed and badgered by the Moscow police as if they were going about with bombs in their coattail pockets seeking the life of the czar of all the Russias.—London Figaro.

Railroad Mileage.

In no other country on the face of the globe is the railroad mileage anywhere near as large relatively to the number of inhabitants as in the United States. To see this one has only to turn to the latest statistics on the subject. The chief nations of Europe have one mile of railroad to an average of 2,600 people, while in this country the average is 380 inhabitants to one mile of road. This is the result of the competition between different railroad companies. In Iowa, where the fight is perhaps bitterest, the number of inhabitants to one mile of road is only 243, while Germany, with very nearly the same amount of mileage, has 1,895 inhabitants to the mile, a number nearly eight times as great.—Washington Times.

OVERDID THE THING.

And Since Then He Dresses Like Any Other Sensible Man.

"I was never dressed more to my satisfaction," declared Nobbily, who is now the pink of perfection in attire, "than I was on the occasion of the first marriage that I had the honor of attending in the family. The bride was an aunt of beauty and loveliness who believed that the affair should be commensurate with her conception of its importance, and to me it was one of the really great events that are crowded into the individual life.

"Now, my father was one of those stern men who seem to have largely disappeared with an early generation. He had no patience with the little vanities of our common human nature and could not be brought to defer to the pride which manifests itself in personal adornment. Because of this pronounced bias on his part my dress had always been in accord with his most practical ideas. My coats were from two to three inches longer than those authorized by the prevailing style and made with special reference to prospective growth. Because of the same dominating idea, the tendency of my pants was to make me 'walk Spanish,' while my vests were constructed without special reference to the measurements made by a competent tailor.

"But the intervention of family influence on this occasion made me the happy dictator of my own outfit. To say that it was fearfully and wonderfully made is but a modest claim when made in connection with the honest facts. It was representative of untrammeled license. It was the pent up yearning for freedom worked out in cloth, trimmings and that convenient grade of jewelry that has no place in family heirlooms.

"Half inch braid was then in vogue; that worn by me was a flush inch in breadth. Fancy vest patterns were the proper thing; mine would have presented a hopeless task to the modern poster artist. Pants were worn tight; mine amounted to a case of cramp. People would stop to ask who cut that coat, and the paste shirt studs attracted an attention that the youthful mind could easily mistake for envy.

"I was in all the glory of a social triumph, and yet it was that same stern parent who found chief pleasure in the dazzling exhibition, for I had so clearly overshot the mark that the relatives who had interceded in my behalf could find nothing from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet upon which to congratulate themselves. It happened a good many years ago, and yet I am good for a hearty blush every time it is mentioned."—Detroit Free Press.

BESIEGED BY NUNS.

The Curious Tale of a Monastery In the Canary Islands.

A curious tale of a besieged and conquered monastery belongs to the early history of the Canary islands and is retold by Charles Edwardes in his description of the isles. In the early part of the eighteenth century there lived in Orotava, on the island of Tenerife, a convent of Dominican nuns, who, after some years of ease, had the misfortune to be burned out of house and home. They went into temporary quarters for a year, but became dissatisfied with such unconventual walls, and began looking about for a permanent abiding place. At that time there was in Orotava a house of Jesuits, which had lost its former importance, and, though commodious and healthful, gave lodging to but two men, the rector of the house and his assistant.

On this mansion the nuns cast covetous eyes, and soon resolved to appropriate it. One morning about 40 of them advanced upon it, by strategy induced the Jesuit brother to open the outer gate, and then trooping into the courtyard fell on their knees, thanking God for this preliminary success. In vain did the two men reason with them on their scandalous conduct. They merely held their ground, exclaiming, "Father Andrew, this is a large cage for so few birds." Some of the more reasonable members of the sisterhood explained that they were really in need of a dwelling as spacious as this and that they did not propose leaving it. The rector in despair fled into the sacristy, from which retreat he exhorted his colleague to be of good cheer. "Patience, brother," cried he, "and do your best to extricate yourself from these ladies." That, however, was more easily said than done, especially as the nuns were becoming so excited that they might momentarily have been expected to resort to the argument of nails. The siege lasted for three or four hours. News of it flew about the town, and bands of young men, scrupulously neutral, watched proceedings from the bars of the outer gate. Eventually the Jesuits yielded, and the nuns occupied the house until a new convent, entirely to their taste, was erected for them.—London Globe.

Why He Didn't Ride.

"No, sir," said the man who had wavered, "I won't learn to ride a bicycle. I had thoughts of trying it, but I have just heard of a peculiar trait in the machine that caused me to change my mind."

"What's that?"

"I understand that when you first try to ride, if you see anything you especially wish to avoid, you're almost certain to run into it."

"There's a good deal of truth in it."

"Well, that settles the wheel for me. I have enough trouble with bill collectors as it is."—Washington Star.

Isabelle Kaiser.

Mlle. Isabelle Kaiser won the prize offered by the Swiss government for the best cantata to be sung in chorus at the opening of the Geneva exhibition. There was considerable competition, but Mlle. Kaiser was facile princeps. The council of state sent her a complimentary letter and a handsome piece of bronze sculpture. She has been winning prizes in similar competitions since she was 16.

Indians as Stock Raisers.

Judge D. M. Browning, commissioner of Indian affairs, had been visiting a number of the coast Indian agencies, and came to Salt Lake from the Fort Hall reservation.

"My observations on this tour and the experience of the bureau generally show that the Indian service is improving," the commissioner says. "The government is endeavoring, as fast as possible, and as far as treaty stipulations will permit, to make the Indian self supporting. Of course, the task is a difficult one, and many failures must result before the desired conditions are brought about, but we are satisfied with the progress being made. It is not expected that many Indians will become professional or business men, but it is believed that they can be taught to be fairly good farmers and stock raisers. Gradually the lands of the tribes are being apportioned in severalty and the tribal relationships broken up.

"Where the lands are fit for agriculture, the Indians are given implements, wagons and seed. They are aided in the construction of houses, and then allotments are fenced. In the dry districts, where stock raising only is possible, a few head of cattle are given each Indian, and the sale of their stock is prohibited until they have a certain number. This plan has worked quite satisfactorily on the Sioux lands. When a contract for beef has been awarded, and purchases under it are to be made, the Indians are invited to sell surplus cattle to the government at the contract price. Not long ago, at the Pine Ridge agency, 600 head of cattle were bought from Indians on these terms, and the red cattlemen were naturally much pleased with their success as stock raisers. I believe the Indian problem will work itself out in this way. The solution will take time, but the day is coming when the distribution of rations will cease, and the Indian, having become self sustaining, will no longer be a ward of the nation."—Salt Lake Tribune.

Peculiarities of the Table.

Edward Connor, in an article on the "Peculiarities of the Table" in The Table of London, says with truth that the better a people eats the more it will be found advanced in knowledge, politeness and urbanity; that there is a close correlation between culinary perfection and its tendencies in the arts and letters. Gastronomic delicacy of taste and elegance of selection find their complement in intellectual refinement. Mr. Connor illustrates this in the Pantagruelian feasts of the English, which appear to give the keynote to the nation. He does not specify what that is, but those who have had relations with Englishmen will not be in doubt. This keynote to national characteristics he develops further in a review of Italian and German cooking. As Italy gave birth to plays based on intrigue and buffoonery, its culinary art reflects those qualities. Every dish is a farci or a mosaic of condiments from pralpetti and ficatelli to ravioli.

Dr. Thudichum says that the civilization of a nation may best be judged by its confectionery. That of the Italians, while outwardly inviting and beautiful, lacks substance and is full of deception. These characteristics are not uncommon among that people. Dr. Connor says that German cookery is the upheaval of gastronomy. It is homely and military and distinctly characterizes the civilization of the nation. As regards the service of meals, the number of dishes was formerly restricted by the edicts of rulers. Philippe le Bel of France in 1294 prohibited any subject from partaking of more than one dish and one entremet for an ordinary repast. On a gala occasion two dishes with bacon soup were allowed. Charles I prohibited the serving of flesh and fish at the same meal, and only at bridal banquets were three courses permitted. Louis XIII went even farther. If an individual dined at a tavern, he was not to expend more than a crown, and if at home his service was not to exceed three dishes.

Scenes In Cordova.

At last a turn in the white street brought us to the golden wall of the cathedral, about which cluster so many Moslem and Moorish memories. We walked up and down the four sides of its huge square. Had we been in the proper humor, we could have read its history, as we walked, in the horseshoe arch, the Gothic shrine, the modern bit of scaffolding, that, with their black shadows, told in strong relief upon its golden bareness. Instead, we were busy hunting for an open gate, but all were locked. And so on we went with our weary tramp, out upon the Moorish bridge across the Guadalquivir. It was refreshing to see a river with water in it, even if it straggled among sand banks and lost itself in shallows. And here was a little life. Two or three men were actually bathing, an old Moorish mill serving them as bathhouse. There was a hooded shrine in the middle of the bridge, and we stood under it in the shadow, looking back to the low domes and the one tall bell tower rising above the golden walls, and to the town, so large in its emptiness, so small for the hundreds of thousands who once lived within it. A herd of swine, driven straight out of "Don Quixote," came toward us in a pillar of dust, and we fled before them back to the mosque. Suddenly the town stirred, the gates opened, and a crowd of men and women, water carriers, crept out from shady places, and we went with them into the court.—Elizabeth R. Pennell in Century.

Dean Swift on Astrology.

Dean Swift predicted the death, upon a particular date, of Partridge, the chief of the astrological almanac makers, and followed it with the announcement of his demise on that very date. Poor Partridge protested in vain that he was still alive, for the brilliant author of "Gulliver's Travels" assured him by the logic of his own pretended science that he must actually have ceased to exist!

Society Directory.

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